

# The Beacon

JUNE 1919



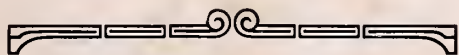
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# Foreword

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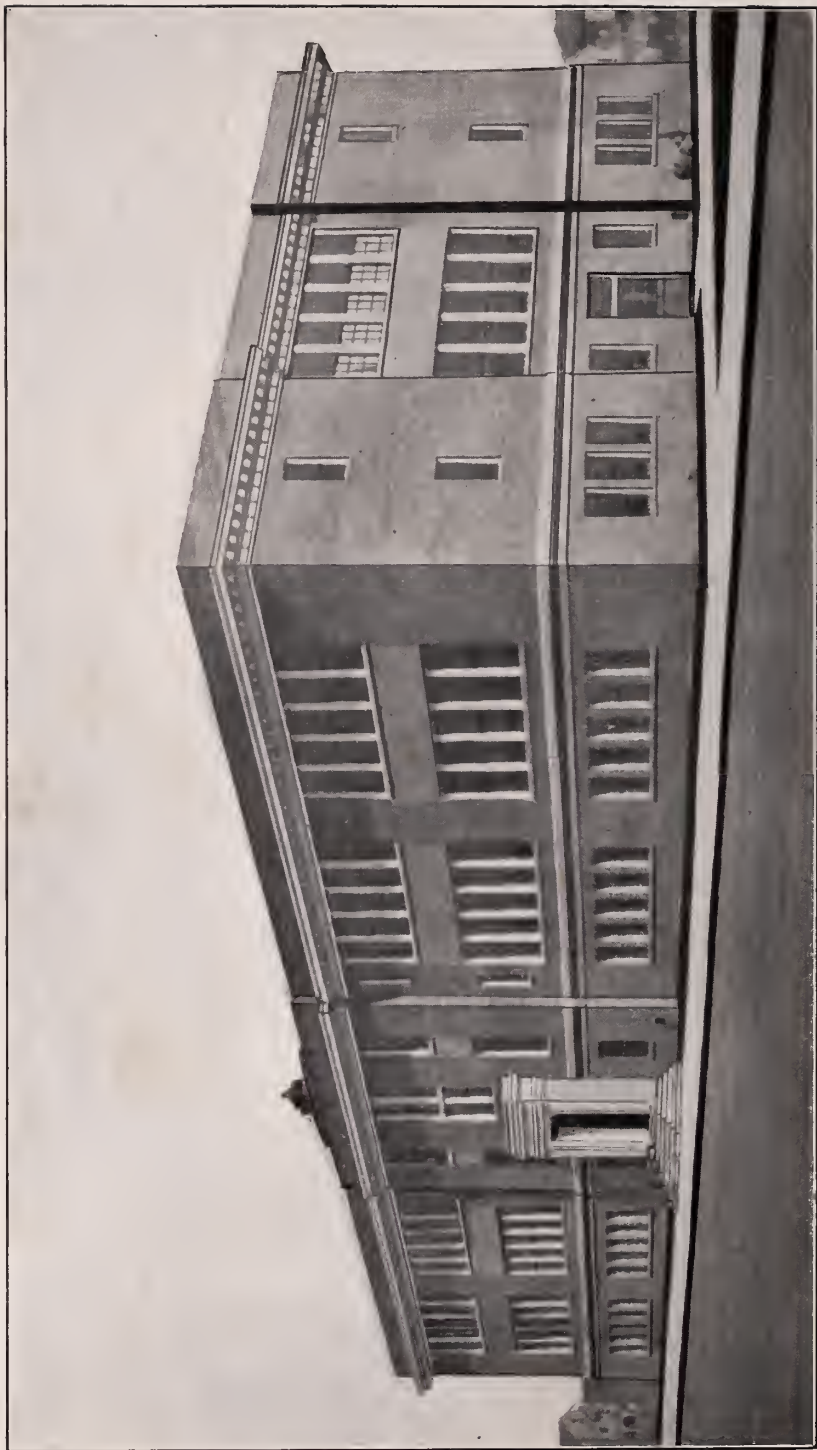
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HIS has been a year of memorable achievement for the Walter Reed High School; we have assumed a place of leadership in the intellectual and artistic development of our community; the High School has functioned vitally in the growth of the sentiment which will find fullest expression in a better municipality.

Much of this accomplishment may be justly attributed to the spirit of co-operation, the loyalty, and aggressive progressiveness of the class of June, 1919. To you the school now looks for the projection of the influence that it has sought thruout your academic life to establish. That the same ardor for advancement and progress, the same zeal, loyalty, and spirit which characterized your work here, may permeate your future is my most earnest desire. —*Fred M. Alexander*





WALTER DEED HIGH SCHOOL

**Superintendent of City Schools:**

D. A. DUTROW

**City School Board:**

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F. R. BARTLETTE

J. W. EUBANK

T. B. JONES

W. W. McNICHOLL

H. E. PARKER

R. W. POWELL

W. L. TABB, Clerk

J. E. WILKINS





FACULTY



# Faculty

FREDERIC M. ALEXANDER  
Principal

MARY WYNNE JONES  
History

CLARA M. WHISSEN  
Latin

GERTRUDE VAN DYKE BANGS  
English

LILLIAN A. SAUNDERS  
Mathematics

CLYDE FRANCIS LYTLE  
English

NELLIE JANE CAMPBELL  
French

MAMIE SCOTT HOWISON  
Mathematics

ELIZABETH IVY  
History

ANNE PERKINS SCRUGGS  
English

CARL G. CAMPBELL  
Science

KATHERINE VAN DYKE BANGS  
Science

MARIANNA W. COSBY  
Latin

ANNIE LASH JESTER  
English and French

IRENE BUCKMAN  
Mathematics

BENJAMIN C. CHARLES  
History

MIRIAM W. SIMS  
Science

LALIE LETT  
Domestic Science

CLARA W. LAKE  
Stenography and Typewriting

A. L. HAMILTON  
Mathematics

ELLA M. HAYES  
Supervisor of Music



STAFF

## Staff

ROBERT M. BAILEY  
Editor-in-Chief

VIRGINIA KIRBY  
Associate Editor

ROBERT O'HARA  
Art Editor

HELEN COFER  
Literary Editor

JEROME KNOWLES  
Associate Art Editor

CARTER ROBINSON  
News Editor

OTIS FORBES  
Exchange Editor

NORMAN BRADBURN  
Athletic Editor

ADOLPH LEFTKOWITCH  
Joke Editor

JOHN B. STONE, JR.  
Business Manager

RICHARD GATEWOOD  
Assistant Business Manager

WILLIAM CONNER  
Advertising Manager

HERBERT FALK  
Circulation Manager

## Class Poem

Our four years race is done.  
I would we could retreat,  
Never again shall return to us,  
Days so rare and sweet.

We could not want for more today,  
Our Diploma it is true,  
But memories of the past have come,  
Which make us feel so blue.

When fall has come again,  
And we go to some place, away.  
Our hearts won't be so light  
As they were of yesterday.

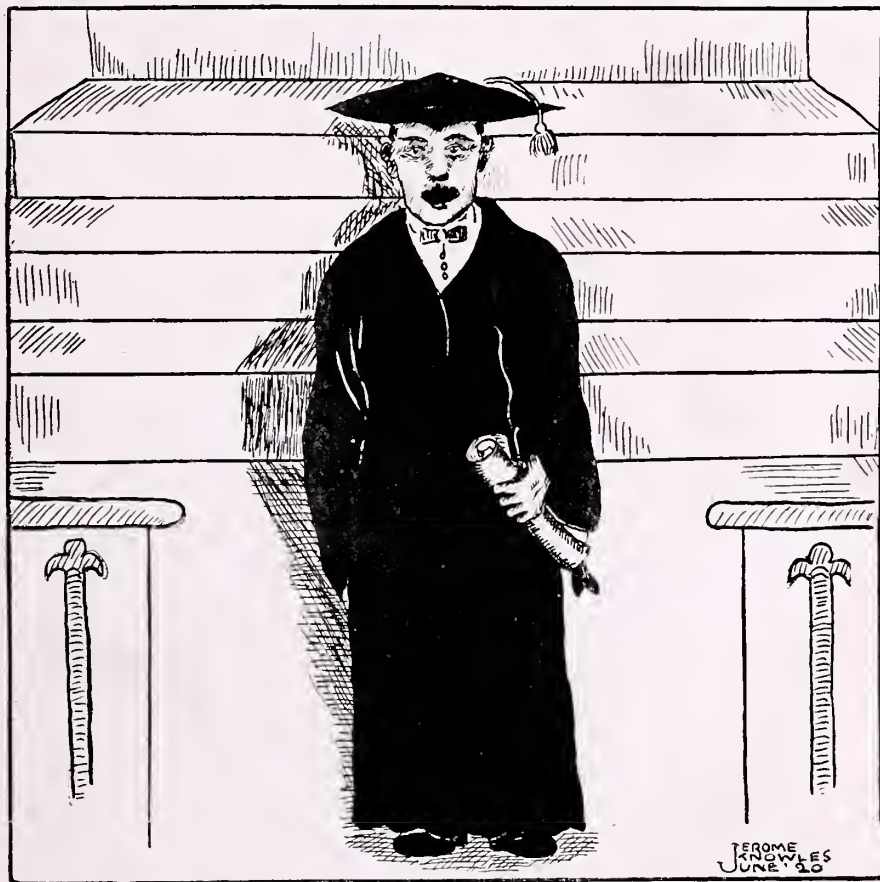
At last our work of years is done.  
And we're cast upon the sea.  
Our real life's work has just begun  
That'll mark our destiny.

But as life's work rolls swiftly on  
And we thwart the boundless sea,  
The past seems like a misty dawn,  
That has marked our last decree.

When death has knocked upon our door  
We heed the life's last call;  
Then we will meet forever more,  
In that solemn Assembly Hall.

CHARLES CARTER ROBINSON.

# SENIORS



# Class Roll

John B. Stone, Jr.....	President
Robert M. Bailey.....	Vice-President
Evelyn Byrd.....	Secretary and Treasurer

**Motto:** Per Augusta ad augusta

**Flowers:** Tea Roses

**Colors:** Maroon and Gold

## OUR CLASS

Robert Marion Bailey  
Frances Montgomery Barham  
Margaret Louise Barham  
Evelyn Byrd  
Anna Seaton Cameron  
Elizabeth Roy Chapin  
Anne Sophia Christiansen  
Fayette Funk Cline  
Helen Virginia Cofer  
Eva Marguarite Culley  
Evelyn Davis  
Helen Frances Eubank  
Herbert Seesholtz Falk  
Julius Shapiro Fennigsohn  
Elizabeth Macey Fitchett  
Helen Lucile Flory  
Otis Kennedy Forbes  
Mary Catherine Harrison  
Laura Elizabeth Harwood  
Elizabeth Katherine Hartman  
Edward Brewar Huffman  
Virginia Stannard Kirby  
Marjorie Frances Langslow  
Edna Mary Levine

Nathaniel Joseph Levy  
Florence Eola Lewis  
Margaret Marion Mahone  
Irvin Raphael Massell  
Florence Mirmelstein  
Doris Mottley  
Esther Alsylvia Nathanson  
Mattie Lou Newman  
Evelyn Nicholson  
Lottie May Osborne  
Mills Raymond Piland  
Charles Carter Robinson  
Margaret Virginia Rouzie  
Flora Lyle Rucker  
Julia Sachs  
Ruth Scott  
Lewis Julius Spiers  
John Tucker Scott  
John Bowen Stone, Jr.  
Ethel Flora Stall  
John Winfred Topping  
Charles Howard Tall, Jr.  
Helen Jean Wills  
Violetta Sprigg Wilson





IRWIN MASSELL

We are glad he has successfully piloted himself through four years with us and we know he will make good.



VIOLETTA WILSON

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun, who relished a joke and rejected in a pun."



FAYETTE CLINE

Of the philosophical turn. One of our most intellectual hopefuls. His motto: "Always prepared."



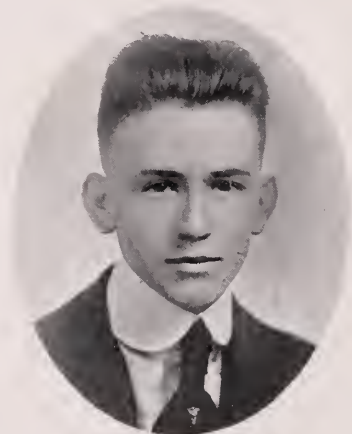
NATHAN LEVY

Enthusiastic, studious and a consistent worker. His motto, "See it through to the finish."



JOHN B. STONE

Class President June '19, President Athletic Association June '18-'19, Manager Base Ball June '18, Foot Ball '17-'18, Basket Ball '18-'19. A happy combination of the man of affairs and the sleepy genial "playmate."



LEWIS SPIERS

Base ball '17

Foot ball '17

Capt. Pennant Winning Military Co. '17, with apologies to Willie Shakespeare—in his case "Slimness is the sole of wit."



HERBERT FALK

Circulation Manager "Beacon," Executive Committee Athletic Association. The human dynamo and man of affairs who looks on life as "Strictly Business."



VIRGINIA KIRBY

Assistant Editor "Beacon" '19, Secretary Athletic Association '18 and '19. "Whose brains rests neither by night nor yet by day."



OTIS FORBES

Basket Ball '17, Base Ball '18, Foot Ball '18, Exchange Editor "Beacon" '18-'19, President Eureka Literary Society. He sees through everything but a joke.



ROBERT BAILEY

Assistant Manager Foot Ball '18, Student Council '19, Editor-in-Chief "Beacon" '18-'19. His motto: "Always striving to better his best."



HELEN COFER

Literary Editor of "Beacon" '18 and '19. "Better than riches and wordly wealth is a heart that is always jolly."



DORIS MOTTLEY

"What she will do, she will, and you may depend on it; what she won't do, she won't, and there's an end to it."



CARTER ROBINSON

Baseball '17-'18, Foot Ball '18, Vice-President Athletic Association '17-'18, Vice-President Enreka Literary Society '18-'19, News Editor "Beacon" '18-'19, Student Council '19. "Then he will talk, ye gods how he will talk."



JULUE FENNIGSOHN

The congenial class mate, small of stature but sturdy of soul.



EVELYN BYRD

Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class '19. "She's meek and mild and nature's own child."



RAYMOND PILAND

The only quiet and retiring member of this boisterous body; he holds a unique place.



TUCKER SCOTT

Not prominent as a leader but essential in the ranks of unselfish service.



WINIFRED TOPPING

Foot ball '18-'19. One of our "cutest little boys."



HOWARD TALL

For three years the most consistent wooer of the ladies. His motto: "Leisure."



EOLA LEWIS

"Good sense and good nature must ever join."





CATHERINE HARRISON

"Not too fair, nor yet too good, for human nature's daily food, but yet a woman still."



ELIZABETH HARWOOD

"Subtle wiles are in her smiles to set the world a-wooing."



FRANCES BARHAM

"From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."



ETHEL STALL

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed our substance and birthright are."





RUTH SCOTT

"Let the world slide, let the world go;  
a fig for care, and a fig for woe."



LOTTIE OSBORNE

"And all that's best of dark and bright,  
meet in her aspect and her eyes."



JULIA SACHS

"One may smile and smile and smile,  
and be a villain still."



HELEN FLORY

"She is great who is what she is from  
nature, and never reminds us of others."



FLORA RUCKER

"Oh, we'll be gay. A bright today, will make a bright tomorrow."



MARGURITE ROUZIE

"Her mind showed in her every grace, but mostly in those roguish eyes."



HELEN WILLS

"Her music steals away the sighs and shadows from our hearts."



EVELYN NICHOLSON

This smiling demure lass brings the English to our class.



ANNA CAMERON

For men may come and men may go, but  
I talk on forever.



MARJORIE LANGSLOW

"Calm and serene as the moon in her  
trodden path."



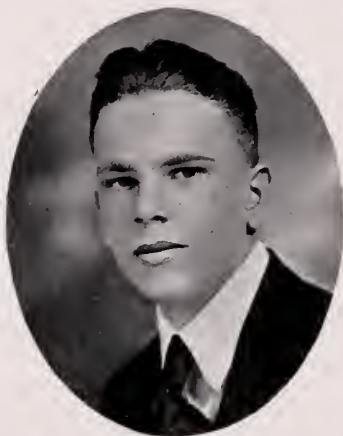
ELIZABETH CHAPIN

Her voice was ever soft and low; an ex-  
cellent thing in woman.



HELEN EUBANK

Charming of manner and artistic with the  
piano.



EDWARD HUFFMAN

If foolishness measures the length of life,  
Eddie will be the second Methuselah.



EVELYN DAVIS

"Be silent or let thy words be worth  
more than silence."



EDNA LEVINE

"Of spirits gay and kindly heart."



ESTHER NATHANSON

"I spread my books, my pencil try."



MARGARET BARHAM

"How kind she was, how true she was!"



MATTIE LOU NEWMAN

"She's a winsome wee thing."



EVA CULLEY

"So very kind and yet so shy."



ELIZABETH FITCHETT

"Infinite riches in a little room."





ANNE CHRISTIANSEN

"I would I had thy inches."



ELIZABETH HARTMAN

"Put off thy maiden blushes."



FLORENCE MIRMELSTEIN

"Smile the while, we bid you sad adieu."



MARGARET MAHONE

Silence and happiness join in her every aspect.





HOT AIR ARTIST



BIGGEST NUISANCE



BEST ALL-ROUND



WITTIEST



MOST STUDIOUS



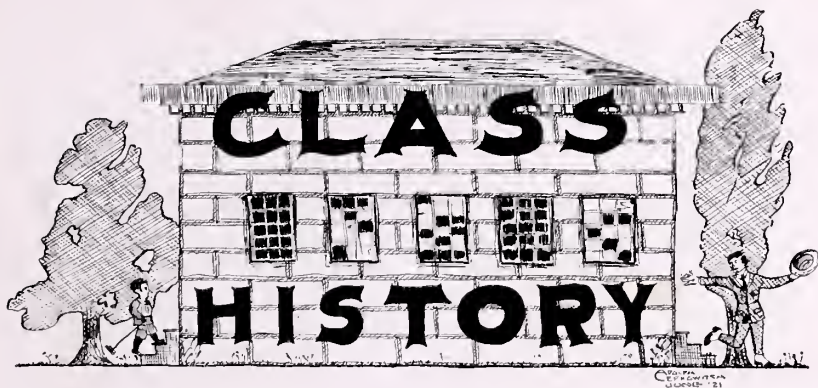
MEEKEST



PRETTIEST



CHATTERBOX



On a hot September day, four years ago, a large auditorium was the gathering place of a certain class of people that have made great histories in the time. This class of people was divided into four parts, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, and the greatest of these were the Freshmen (in their own estimation). Hear ye now the history of this class as told by one of the members, who with the approval of the other members of the class of June, '19, will impart to you our four long years of ventures, both "mis" and "ad."

I have said the day was a hot one in September, and so it was, hotter than some of the summer days that had just passed. Nevertheless, each member of our group of over one hundred, felt shivers and thrills chasing each other up and down his spine, and no wonder! It was our first day in really, truly, High School! Can you who read this history imagine how "awe-full" we felt? In timid silence, we listened to the buzz of the voices of those who had been there before. How young and unsophisticated we felt for a while.

Suddenly a bell sounded through the hall and it became miraculously quiet. Mr. Norman L. Clark, Principal of the High School, began to speak. He gave us a lecture on school careers and how to study, and when he had finished, our young minds and hearts were filled with mad desires to "Sink

or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

After the lecture was over we were assigned to our classrooms. As the Freshman passed out, low, but ominous hisses that sounded like "rats! rats!" struck our innocent ears, and though we hung our heads and blushed with shame, our souls concealed the pride we felt in being even "rats."

That was the beginning. On the following day we vainly wrote our names and grade in English History, Clark's General Science, Bookkeeping records or Bennett's Latin Grammar. Our class had been divided into two sections, Bookkeeping and Latin.

That first year we were quiet and unobtrusive as good Freshmen should be. We learned to apply the golden rule of "amo, amas amat, amamus, amatus, amant" to our teachers, principal and school-mates—or rather to all our school-mates except the Sophomores; I think we hated them. English History was drilled into us so thoroughly that it was really difficult to convince ourselves that we were actually born and bred in America, and were not Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, and certainly not her admirers.

Thus our first year slipped by, and we were "rats" no longer. By this time High School was already an old story to us and we smiled with condescending interest at the quiet enthusiasm of the Freshmen newcomers.

With that second year, Caesar came

into our lives, and we lived in one perpetual nightmare. Sorrowfully I write that when we came from that grade it was to bury Caesar and not to praise him. Of course we had our other studies, but what were these in all their glory compared to Caesar?

In the meantime, military training for the boys and folk-dancing and drill for the girls were introduced into the school. Later it was decided that this training should count as one more credit towards our diplomas, so we drilled or folk-danced with such an energy that a tender-hearted observer would have wept with pity, had he seen our plight on a hot day, and the unbroken line at the drinking-fountain after the period from 3:30 to 4:15 was over.

Our High School boys arrayed themselves in gray uniforms, and when they marched by the school with their guns on their shoulders, halted and went through the manual of arms in perfect order, we could not have been prouder of them had they been real soldiers.

In September we began our third year of High School. We have always called this our hardest year—probably because English Literature, General History, Geometry and French made us buckle down and “cram” harder—maybe because the weighty title of “Junior” over-awed us with its terrible significance that Junior is next thing to a mighty Senior.

That year Mr. Clark left us and Mr. Fred M. Alexander took his place as principal of the High School. From the start we liked our new principal, and as we grew to know him better, we found that “our Old High” had certainly secured a friend who was interested in its business and social welfare, for never in its career has the High School been so well organized as it is now.

Our Junior year passed happily. We

had our joyful days and our gloomy days, our lucky days and unfortunate days. Somehow we managed to cram our way through examinations and finally, with out hearts filled with joy and not a little thankfulness, zip! bing! bang! we were fully launching into Our Senior Year!

Seniors! Life was indeed a rose-colored cloud for us. Besides we had a brand new school and the nicest room teachers possible. For a wonder, we did not even mind going to school!

That fall a terrible epidemic was spread all over Newport News. Our school, we are proud to say, was taken for an emergency hospital, and proved a haven, for all the other hospitals were filled to over-flowing with Influenza victims.

Five weeks later, when the epidemic had abated, we returned to complete our term. It was on the 11th of November, and nearly the whole world was in a tumult of joy. Peace with Germany had been declared! There was no school that day; we were dismissed.

However, the next day we started in earnest the work we had left unfinished. We have been through American Literature from beginning to end, we have reviewed our spelling and grammar, we have written stories, one of them (we were told) to be made as much like Edgar Allen Poe's as possible (poor man, he would turn in his grave if he read them,) we have written essays galore, know Shakespeare by heart, certain Shakespearian actors and actresses would envy (or be convulsed at) our marvelous dramatization of “Macbeth” and “Hamlet.”

But now that we are ready to graduate—over fifty of the hundred—there is a wistful something that makes us just a little loathe to go, and when we think of the happy times of this

last year, we feel as if we want to be Seniors forever; to go over the exciting class meetings and entertainments—even lessons.

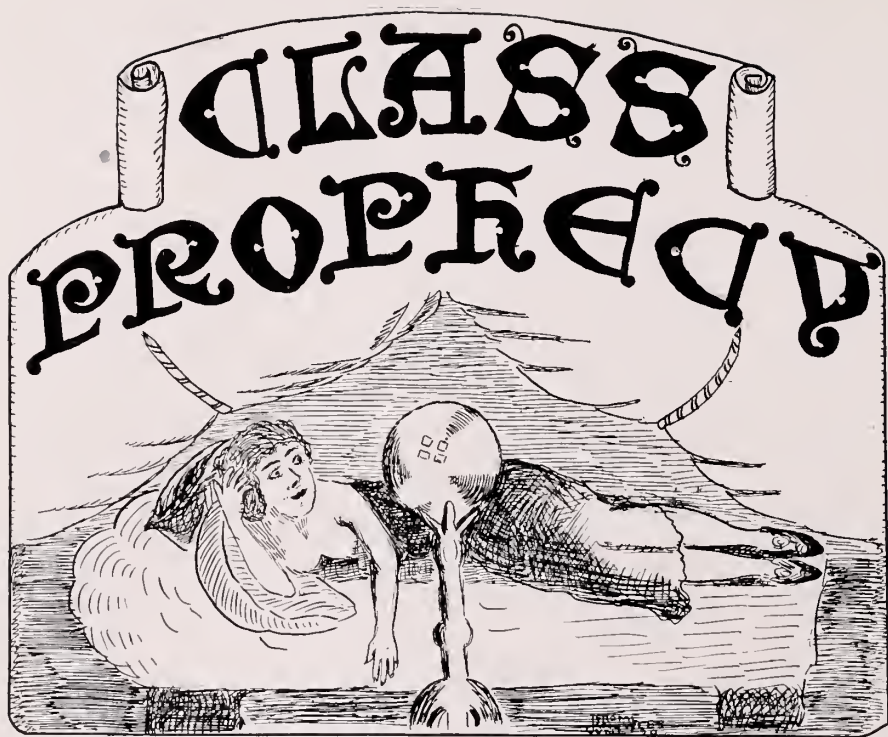
But there is a bright side to everything—and the future to look forward

to. Then when we are settled into our different ways of life, we can all look back, ever

“Ready and steady,  
Loyal, but heady,  
Boosting for our old High.”







The hot sultry day would soon be over, Phoebus and his fiery steeds were slowly sinking to rest, a cooling breeze was playing gently through the bushes and gladdening the hearts of our weary caravan.

All the day long we had been traveling through the barren wastes of the desert and we were glad to see before us a village, where we might find rest and shelter for the night.

As we neared the village we were told by our guide that there was a strange and mysterious woman visiting the town at that time, who astounded many people by her strange and wonderful deeds. Being very much interested in such people, I decided I would visit her and see what she could tell me.

On entering the room I was much dazzled by the many ornaments upon the wall. In the center of the room reclining on a couch was this beauti-

ful woman. In her hand she held a crystal maze in which she was gazing; from this she read strange pictures of the future. Being much interested in the future of my class mates, I asked that she tell me some of her strange prophecies. After looking at me for a while, she wiped the crystal and started talking in a weird voice.

The interior of an auditorium crowded with eager young faces pictured itself. On the stage was a very large man who was conducting what seemed to be an assembly in a High School. The auditorium looked very familiar and then listening to the speaker I recognized him to be none other than my old class mate Winifred Topping. He had succeeded Mr. Alexander as principal of my "Alma mater." After realizing this was the same old school, I looked to see if there was anyone I knew. Why even



Miss Jones had vanished from the school. But who was that blooming young teacher sitting over there where Miss Jones used to sit? Why it is Ruth Scott. She is teaching the "United States History" in Miss Jones' place. This picture faded away and another took its place.

I was looking into one of the biggest libraries in the country. In one corner I saw a group of very shy young ladies pouring over a book. When they finished I looked to see what had kept them so intensely absorbed. I saw it was a book on "How to Carry on Lively Conversations." I looked to see who its author was and found it to be edited by two of my class mates, Margaret Mahone and Marjorie Langslow. I picked up another book and was surprised to see it was written by another of my class mate, Esther Nathanson. I immediately looked at the title and saw it was, "How to Pronounce Words Distinctly." Why our class had given three of the greatest authorities to the world.

This picture quickly faded, giving place to a scene in one of the world's greatest carnivals. Being much interested in these, I decided I would look into a few of the shows. The one that seemed to attract my attention the most, was "The Four Wonders of the World." I was told that the four wonders were the tallest couple in the world, the pigmy, and a woman that never smiled.

As I entered the tent I was astonished to recognize the tallest couple as Elizabeth Fitchett and Julius Fennigsohn. Passing on I perceived the pigmy to be Howard Tall. Then I went and stood before the woman that never smiled and behold! She is Florence Mirmelstein. I did not quite comprehend how those strange wonders came to pass. When I knew Elizabeth and Julius they were very

small. Upon inquiring I found that they had taken some patent medicine prescribed by Dr. Fayette Cline. I never thought that Fay would ever be a patent medicine doctor. This picture vanished and gave way to the twinkling lights of another.

I was hurriedly walking up Broadway in New York. Standing on a soap box at the corner was a woman proclaiming at the top of her voice "Woman's Rights." I was very much amused at the many gestures that she was using, and when she faced me I saw that she was my old class mate, Ann Christiansen. Then I remembered the way Ann use to throw her hands around when she recited in English. At last she had found real use for her gestures. But stop! Who was the meek little man standing by her box holding her papers? Well, I declare, it is Tucker Scott! He had achieved an ambition for carrying the latest suffragette pamphlets around with one of the most renowned speakers. As I passed on down the street a very attractive sign caught my attention. It was

MISSES ESSIE BOOKER

and

VIOLETTA WILSON

HAIR DRESSING PARLOR

I collected my wits and tried to remember where I had heard those names before. Oh, yes, they were two of my old class mates. Very much dazed with the old acquaintances I happened to see, I almost forgot where I was. Just then someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Lady, would you mind giving a few pennies to help give the poor children a Christmas Dinner?" I immediately saw that she was a Salvation Army Girl, but where had I ever seen those sparkling brown eyes and that cheerful smile before? But before I had

time to speak, she called me by name and with that I knew she was my most beloved friend and class mate, Helen Flory. She told me she had been in the work for some time and was quite enthusiastic about it. After giving her a few coins I again resumed my journey. The next place I went was into one of the largest jeweler's stores in New York. Again I was surprised to see that the store was conducted by my two class mates Irving Massell and Nathan Levy. While we were talking of old school days a very charming young lady come in with a very handsome young man by her side. I was unable at first to think where I had seen this young lady before, but when she spoke I knew she was none other than Helen Wills. She told me that she was singing at the Metropolitan Opera House, and then she whispered in my ear that she was going to be married to a very noted baritone, the next day.

While pondering on the happiness of this scene, it passed away and another began to form. I perceived the famous hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Nestling in one of its most beautiful valleys was a little country church. The place looked so inviting I went in. Over in the corner of the chapel was a group of fifteen or twenty children.

They seemed very much interested in their teacher, who was successfully explaining the Sunday School lesson. When she faced me my heart filled with joy to see she was none other than the charming little maid of the class of 1919—Doris Mottley. From the Sunday School services I went into the church services. The pastor came out and with a very dignified voice announced his text. Mercy! I thought to myself, who is this man? Why to be sure he is my class mate Raymond Piland. I did

not make myself known to either one, but after church, when I saw them crawl into the "one-horse shay" I could only laugh to myself, thinking of old school days. Would you ever have thought Doris would have been a preacher's wife? Her time is spent in organizing missionary societies and Sunday School classes.

Once again the scene changed. I am transported to one of the great hospitals of the State. Everything moves noiselessly as if by magic, and I am told that this is due in a great part to the skillful management of the head nurse, who is our beloved class mate, Anna Cameron. Passing through one of the wards during my visit there, I see a woman bending over a cot, on which a dying patient is lying. I am wonderfully attracted by the skill with which she soothes the dying man's agony. Stepping a little closer I recognize in the noble face of this woman, our dear friend and class mate, Evelyn Nicholson.

Upon seeing some of my class mates, I am curious to know the head doctor of the hospital. He, I am told, is none other than one of my class mates, Edward Huffman. When I was informed of this I wondered to myself how many patients he had prescribed to, as the result of being slapped on the back by him when he was in his Senior year.

Next, the future of Francis Barham was depicted for me. She is one of the leading fashion models of France. This is many years after the war and France is once more leading the world in Fashinos, with Ma'selle Barham at the head.

Unlike the former picture the one now in view is that of a Kindergarten. The room is filled with eager little people, each bent on doing something to win the good graces of the teacher. From the perfect order of the room and the fact that every pupil seems

to love her, I guessed that this teacher is Mattie Lou Newman.

I next wondered what the future of John B. Stone would be, but was soon to know, as just then I saw an image forming before me. In one of the finest theatres he was standing upon the stage enthraling the hundreds before him with the volume and rapture of his voice. At this picture I was greatly surprised, as he showed very little talent in that direction in the days of old.

The next picture that delighted my eyes, was the future of Ethel Stall. I was once again in a theatre and one of the foremost dancers was Ethel. Why who would have thought that the dignified and quiet Ethel would have become a ballet dancer?

The ever changing scenes formed themselves into another picture. I could see a lighted ball room; mid the whirl and gaiety of this magnificent occasion I beheld three queens, each supreme in her kingdom. Radiantly beautiful, they moved among the happy throng, gracefully receiving the homage due them. Two of these belles seemed inseparable, and I recognized them as Helen Eubank and Virginia Kirby. As the other girl floated by in the arms of her partner, I knew by her beautiful dancing she could be none other than Lottie Osborne.

This picture faded, giving place to a scene in the "Strand Theatre," of Newport News. A very beautiful young lady came out dressed in a very flashing stage costume. She danced and sang many charming songs. From the rear of the stage a very "cute" young man came and took this lovely maiden's hand, and together they gave a very extraordinary dance. I was very much pleased with the vaudeville, especially with these two dancers, so when I left I noticed the pictures on the outside. What, do my eyes tell me the truth, are they really

Elizabeth Chapin and Lewis Spiers? Indeed, I am very much surprised at Elizabeth, and I thought surely Lewis had a higher aim in life than a dancer in a vaudeville show at the "Strand Theatre."

The next picture that delighted my eyes was the future of Eola Lewis and Evelyn Davis. Within a handsome dance hall are these two young ladies instructing many eager people in the graceful art of dancing.

Then the crystall ball discloses to my wondering gaze one of the foremost colleges of the United States. Two of the most efficient members of the faculty are Eva Cully and Evelyn Byrd. These young ladies are teaching the merry pupils the art of loud talking. This seemed quite strange to me, for when I knew these girls neither one could talk loudly.

I next saw the future of Helen Cofer and Margaret Rouzie before my eyes. Helen has obtained a very high ambition, that of a Congress woman. I am sure she makes many Congressmen to agree with her by using those beautiful eyes and her winning ways. Within a large studio surrounded by busts and pictures of the world's greatest artists, sits Margaret, whose own picture may some day be hung among the greatest in the Hall of Fame.

There next pass before my eyes a vision of three of my class mates. The first of these is a leading librarian of the day, Julia Sacks. Oh! don't I remember how Julia loved that English parallel.

The next is that of Edna Levine. She is a great elocutionist, and by the splendor of her voice she holds thousands spellbound as if by magic. The last of this trio is Margaret Barha... She is in Alaska, searching for the glittering gold.

Next, to my astonished eyes, the outline of an airship is formed. By

looking more closely, I discover one of the figures is Elizabeth Hartman. She is the most daring aviatrix of the day.

Unlike the last picture, I now view "Love in a Cottage." Seated on the porch is a young man, and by his side, apparently adding greatly to his happiness, is a girl. Who the man is, I leave to your imagination, but the girl upon whom all his thoughts seem to center, is no one else but our jolly class mate, Catherine Harrison.

But what of the future of Herbert Falk! I see him very business like standing on the corner of Jefferson Ave. and 25th, calling at the top of his voice, "Times-Herald and Daily Press!"

Again the scene changes and I see before me the quietness and solitude of a monastery. There seems to be one monk who is leading the daily matins. He is very handsome and I sure have seen him before. When he faces me I knew he is the same old class mate, Carter Robinson. His hair is not as "fixed" (for he has no hair at all) nor his voice as gay as it was in the days of old. Has he retired to the monastery because he has failed in the world or has he been refused by the pretty and graceful maiden of the class of '19? If he has well where is this maiden?

I did not have very long to wonder, for her future was forming before me. I saw her leaning over the fence of an old fashioned flower garden in

which all the flowers were laid out in the shapes of hearts. Surrounding her were numerous pets, such as cats, dogs, and parrots. Can you imagine who this is? To be sure it is Elizabeth Harwood. How like Elizabeth that with so many suitors—she should have chosen the life of an Old Maid.

There is only one more picture waiting for me. This is the future of two of our jolliest and most popular class mates, Otis Forbes and Robert Bailey. These two young men are acting in the Keystone Comedies. The moving picture lover no longer cries for Bon Terpin and Fattie Arbuckle, for Otis and Robert have taken their places.

Does it not seem strange that such a promising young man as Robert Bailey, who so successfully piloted "The Beacon" through its first year, should pursue such a profession as a movie actor? As for our most qualified Exchange Editor, Otis Forbes, we are more than grieved to see him following in the footsteps of Robert.

Ere this had disappeared, it had grown quite dark and after slipping a coin into the beautiful woman's hand; wearily I turned my footsteps homeward. That night and for many nights after, I thought of the woman and her crystal, and was grateful for the pleasure it had afforded me.

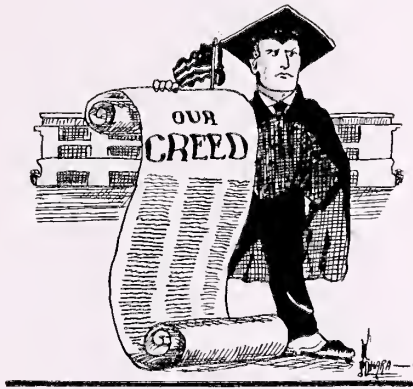
Class Prophet,

FLORA L. RUCKER.

June, '19.







In this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and nineteen we, the June class, are just entering upon real life. As young men and young women we should be able to cope with the problems of life. This may or may not be true, but in whatever state we now exist or in whatever state we hope to exist depends upon our deeply founded faith in our creed.

I. We believe in the earth as God's footstool and the theatre of man's activities and where each one of us must now take up his part as an actor in the great drama of life.

II. We believe in ourselves as a very minute unit of mankind, but even as the small bit of leaven raises the whole loaf, we may through sacrifice and disinterested service accomplish the elevation of man's thoughts so that he may attain to some degree of benefit.

III. We believe in Fred M. Alexander as a competent principal and a wise counsellor of the Student Body.

IV. We believe in athletics in all its branches as the most effective method of physical development and the most potent factor in maintaining the "spirit" of any school.

V. We believe in "The Beacon" as a literary publication and as a concrete example of the diversity of talents contained in the Walter Reed High School.

VI. We believe in our faculty as able mental and moral instructors. We appreciate their patience in bearing with us, "the turbulent Seniors."

VII. We believe in our school board as a municipal unit thoughtfully deliberating upon the question of education in this district and giving us the greatest possible opportunities for development.

VIII. We believe in Virginia, the mother of States; we believe her lands to be "God's Country" and her sons, although conservative, the best of men.

IX. We believe in the United States of America as the nation after God's own heart, the land of glory, and birthplace of a new democracy.

Finally, and above all, we believe in God, our creator, to whom we shall be subject to account in that great day.

ROBERT M. BAILEY.



By Charles Carter Robinson, Testator

Upon behalf of my client, the June class of the Newport News High School, in the city of Newport News, State of Virginia, U. S. A., I have called you together upon this solemn and serious occasion, to listen to her last will and testament, and to receive from her dying hand the gifts she has to bestow in her last moments. Departing so rapidly from life, and finding so many things of such gigantic proportions to be attended to before the end should come; realizing at the same time that she has no longer any time left to spend in cultivation of her own virtues with her own hands; to those friends to whose needs they seem best fitted, she has left some token of her esteem. As a result of this announcement my client at once attained a multitude of new friends pleading for this or that so long coveted glory; but she, in her sound health of body and mind and memory, has tried to be just, as well as generous and impartial, and distribute wisely unto those who will make the best use of such gifts as she has in her power to bestow, the talents that have served her so faithfully these four years.

Owing to the flighty condition of her brain in this turbulent time she begs me to apologize for any possible mistake but such things as she thinks she has, she hereby gives into your possession, praying that you will accept them as a sacred trust from one who has gone before. These are her decisions, at last definitely reached through her very careful deliberation.

Listen, then, one and all, while I read the document as duly drawn up and sworn to:

We, the Senior Class, June, 1919, in 48 individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this mystic hall of knowledge, in full possession of an intellectual mind, trained to the psychological point and possessing an almost supernatural understanding in all things, being in a sound health of body and of disposing mind and memory, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time made or carelessly spoken of by any of us as a thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

And we direct that our funeral services be conducted by the incoming



4B class, supervised by our ever interested and competent faculty, who have been our always patient and advising instructors, only with our dying breath do we graciously ask that the funeral be carried on with the greatest dignity and pomp, which our worth, our ambitions, our merit, our attainments and our position of the "Mighty Senior" of "grave and reverend men," must certainly deserve.

As to such estate as it has pleased the Fates, through our perseverance, determined hands and brains to win for us, we do, this 27th day of June, 1919, dispose of the same as follows:

Item I. We give, devise and bequeath to our beloved faculty, who have been our instructors, guides and friends, for the past four years, in all wisdom of the Time, a sweet and unbroken succession of balmy, restful nights and celestial dreams. With us, their worries are over. No more shall they have to stay away from the altar of terpsichore on our account, nor will they be sad in their hopes for us to finish.

Item II. We give and bequeath to our Friend and Principal, Frederick Milton Alexander, our love, affection, gratitude, and endless train of our unbounded wealth of eternal memory. Since Mr. Alexander came to us he has planned and worked hard for a higher course of study for our school, only for our good. The departing class can do nothing but hope and pray that he may attain these high ideals for which he has worked.

Item III. We give, devise and bequeath to the Newport News High School, any changes for the betterment of this institution which we, through our efforts, have been able to accomplish.

Item IV. To Carl G. Campbell, our athletic director, we give, devise and bequeath all of the broken base ball bats, old balls, both base and foot, or

any "stolen bases" recovered by him and the highest success in his new field next year.

Item V. We give and bequeath, to Miss Mary Wynne Jones, who has always been our guiding star in teaching us the Historical significance of our own dear country, the right and welcome to "The Primrose Path" where her joys may never end.

Item VI. We give, devise, and bequeath all money left in the Treasury to the purchasing agent of Miss Ivy's class to buy Persian Rugs and provide rubber shoes for all students under the said Miss Ivy, so that no noise may penetrate the frail eardrums of this said teacher.

Item VII. To the present 4A class, we leave, all those that have not been able to win out in our knowledge race, freeing them from all obligations they owe to the departing class.

Item VIII. Again, we give and bequeath to this same 4A, as a group, the extreme knowledge of philosophy and the art of giving advice, as possessed by Fayette Cline.

Item IX. This item contains 38 articles which are bequeathed to the following, and we hope they will be as earnestly accepted, and put to the best use, as they are given.

Art I. To Miss Gertrude Vandyke Bangs, the sincerest wishes for an everlasting happiness. May her life be as beautiful as the peach blossoms of California.

Art. II. To the High School Orchestra, the wonderfully developed musical talent of our beloved John B. Stone, Jr.

Art. III. To Hobson Wilson, the magnificent voice and love for argument of Charles Carter Robinson. As Hoby is one of our coming orators, we hope he shall appreciate our gift.

Art IV. To any girl in school, the disposition, beauty and general at-

tractiveness of the prettiest girl in the class—Miss Elizabeth Harwood.

Art. V. To Norman Williamson, the speed and agile traits of Winifred Topping.

Art. V. To Mr. Lytle, the singing ability of Miss Helen Wills.

Art. VII. To Joe Tilghman, Louis Spiers superfluous flesh.

Art. VIII. To Elizabeth Moore, the general studiousness and ability of Miss Virginia Kirby.

Art. IX. To the remaining boys of the High School the dancing ability of the 4B boys. We have tried to use this ourselves but Mr. Dutrow and Mr. Alexander would not allow us the pleasure. (Neither of them can dance.)

Art. X. To any remaining girl the disposition of Miss Doris Mottley, provided she will accept her noise. The first clause is worth the second provision.

Art. XI. To John Christiansen the excessive height of Julius Fenighson.

Art. XII. To Lyla Newsome of 3A the softness of voice of our quiet Miss Evelyn Byrd.

Art XIII. To no one, the surplus of nervous energy as radiated from Ester Nathanson, while under observation. We could not wish such an unfortunate characteristic to any named person.

Art. XIV. The combined foolishness of Ed. Huffman and Howard Tall to Stafford White.

Art. XV. The smiles of Florence Mirmelstein to Frances Street.

Art. XVI. The vamping ways of Anna Klor and Eva Culley to Beatrice Glass.

Art. XVII. The neatness and fine disposition of Helen Flory to Mrs. Whissen.

Art. XVIII. The soft sweet voice of Elizabeth Chapin to Eva Maitland. We feel sure Eva will be grateful for this.

Art. XIX. The chemical ability of Irvin Massell to Tommy Sims of 4A.

Art. XX. The good humor of Otis Forbes to Mrs. Jester.

Art. XX. The athletic ability of Raymond Piland to Venable Jester. We hope Venable will apply this gift in next year's foot ball games.

Art. XXII. The quiet disposition of Eolia Lewis to Norman Bradburn.

Art. XXIII. The grumbling disposition of Margaret and Frances Barham to Nelson Pulley.

Art. XXIV. The reckless spending of money of Herbert Falk to the spendthrift of the 4A—Gordon Hudgins.

Art. XXV. The skillful volley ball playing of Nathan Levy to Jarnette Gayle.

Art. XXVI. Tucker Scott's snappy styles and unique figure to Milton Conn.

Art. XXVII. Clark Smith's soaring soprano voice to Edward Islin.

Art. XXVIII. Robert Bailey's Vernon Castle walk to Adolph Leftkowitz.

Art. XXIX. Flora Rucker's blushing tendencies to Edith Poole.

Art. XXX. Helen Eubank's superior artfulness in tickling a piano to Ethel Williamson.

Art. XXXI. Helen Cofer's bewitching blue eyes to Mildred Morecock.

Art. XXXII. The loudness of voice plus its constant use as owned by Eolia Lewis, Lottie Osborne, Ethel Stall, Elizabeth Hartman, to Julius Conn.

Art. XXXIII. The radiant hue of Edna Levine's tresses to Teresa Culotta.

Art. XXXIV. The companionship of Catherine Harrison and Margaret Rouzie to Willie Conner and Lyla Newsome.

Art. XXXV. To any girl that needs help on this question, the bashfulness of Mattie Lou Newman around boys.

Art. XXXVI. Ruth Scott's deceiving frown to Hilda Messick.

Art. XXXVII. Anne Christiansen's excitable nature to Pinky Taylor.

Art. XXXVIII. Elizabeth Fitchet's and Margaret Mahone's desire to grow tall to Charles Cohen.

Art. XXXIX. All powder puffs, lip sticks and eyebrow pencils that belong to the 4B girls to Edward Travis.

Item X. The subjoined list are hereditary rights and therefore with all gratefulness for the use in the past we now bequeath them to our dear friends, the 4A.

Art. I. Our noble and envied seat in Assembly.

Art. II. The art in throwing chalk and other such traits of Boshevism.

Art. III. The rights of ownership to the school and other such dignified "Senior Privileges."

Art. IV. The deep affection that we have for all our teachers, just as they have for us.

Art. V. Besides these gifts in detail we give, devise and bequeath to the Student Body, not of necessity but of our own free will, our High School spirit, our love, our congenial mem-

ories and blessings. Again, we beg the forgiveness of each and every student for any unkind demonstration on our part and with God as our witness, make a pledge of faith and friendship to our schoolmates and Alma Mater from henceforth and forever.

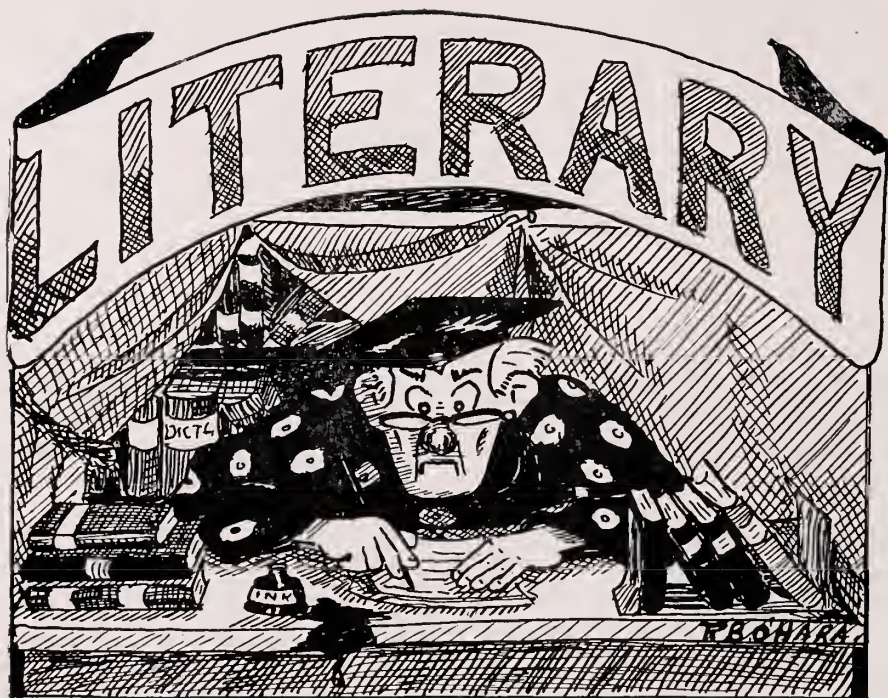
Art. VI. After all just debts are paid we bequeath all our property, whatsoever, real or personal or of any description, to be equally divided between our two room teachers, Miss Bangs and Mrs. Whissen. As they loved us so we have loved them, and though this gift be meagre, it is imparted to them by hearts of Gold.

Lastly, we constitute and appoint as sole executor of this last will and testament, Mr. Frederick Milton Alexander, our Principal, knowing that he will keep the faith and administer them as we would, could we return.

And now in witness whereof, we, the June class of 1919, have to this our last will and testament, (all others revoked) duly drawn up on one piece of parchment, set our hands and seal, this 27th day of June, Anno Donimi, One thousand nine hundred and nineteen.







### THE KENNEDYS

Of course everyone who really is anyone at all claims to be a family friend or an acquaintance or at least to have heard of the Kennedys of Washington, D. C. It is for the benefit of the latter class that this little sketch of the domestic life of these renowned personages was written, since it is they who always seem so eager to absorb every piece of intimate information available regarding the Kennedys in order that they may appear to the world by their knowing conversation to be members of the former class.

Do you not feel the deepest sympathy for these poor wealthy people who walk humbly on in the paths of daily life without even vaguely dreaming of the multitude of friends whom they possess?

But perhaps it is best that they are ignorant of this extraordinary esteem of the world in general lest they might

become so conceited as to believe that the admiration was excited by the personal worth alone, and thus become so egotistical that it would be difficult to live upon the same plane with them.

Foolish ignorant masses! As moths are drawn to the lamp, so they are attracted by the shining fortress which surrounds the ofttime commonplace, for there is no true difference between their lives and those of the wealthy.

There is the same monotonous routine of domestic troubles, family differences, social jealousies and ordinary, every-day happenings in the lives of the rich as in those of their worshipers who are led to believe that their idols tread primrose paths of happiness without one flaw to mar their pleasures.

Perhaps if Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy could have imagined how many minds were struggling to recall some inci-

dent of their childhood, what a vast number were still prattling of their magnificent wedding three months previous while still others were going so far as to prophesy for the future, do you suppose they would have sat so comfortably in their cozy living room on this particular evening?

Mrs. Kennedy was curled upon the tapestried divan, directly in front of the old fireplace in which a cheerful wood fire was crackling and dancing, admiring and petting a tiny little lap dog.

"Jimmie, dear," she said to Mr. Kennedy, who was lounging in a huge chair at her left, "close your book and let's go to call on Mr. and Mrs. Winters. I want her to see what a darling dog Wishie is."

"Ah, what the deuce d'ye want to call on those people for, Doris? That woman never talks of anything but her thousand and one cats," complained Mr. Kennedy.

"All right, then. I knew you wouldn't go. You never do want to go with me anywhere!" pouted Mrs. Kennedy.

"Well, come on, then. But why can't we go to see Dick and Stella tonight instead of those bores?"

"Because I really must not put off going to see Mrs. Winters another day. I intended to go last week."

This information was imparted to the disgusted Mr. Kennedy from the top of the stars.

"Come on, Jimmie, and dress. It's late now," called his wife. "And bring Wishie up with you."

"Jimmie" snatched the terrified Wishie by the nape of the neck and swung him up the stairs at a dangerous rate of speed, two steps at a time.

"Jimmie, you brute," screamed Mrs. Kennedy as she appeared in the doorway of their bedroom with the half-strangled little dog.

"Well I wish I had choked him," said Mr. Kennedy, trying to conceal the laughter in his eyes. "Now, if you would have an Airdale or an English bull around the house, there might be some sense in it."

"Well did horrid old Jimmie almost kill my pesius 'ittle Wishie?" cooeu Mrs. Kennedy, hugging her dog up close and utterly ignoring Mr. Kennedy's last statement.

"Where is my military brush, do you know, Doris?" questioned Mr. Kennedy.

"Did he mess my Wishie's pretty, silky hair all up" chattered Mrs. Kennedy sitting on the floor with her back turned to Jimmie, and busily engaged in repairing the damage done, by that impudent person, to her pet.

"Doris, for the second time, do you know where my military brush is?"

"Doris—

"Yes!" fairly screamed Mrs. Kennedy as she hurled the brush over his shoulder, scarcely missing Mr. Kennedy's pink, polished ear.

In spite of his rage at finding the brush full of hairs, he succeeded in seeing the homorous side and burst out laughing.

"Hurry up, Doris," said Mr. Kennedy, glancing at his watch.

"I bet I'll be ready before you are," giggled Mrs. Kennedy, her eyes following the manoeuvres of Wishie as he proceeded to tear the silk sock of her husband to shreds in the opposite corner of the room.

"If you would get up off the floor to put your shoes and stockings on, you would make more speed," asserted Mr. Kennedy as he tied the top lace of his left shoe. "Why do you always sit on the floor to put them on, anyway? Do all women do that, Doris?" said he, as he reached down for his other sock.

"Of course, silly," said Mrs. Kennedy, shaking with laughter.

"Say, what the deuce are you so amused about?" questioned Mr. Kennedy, eyeing his wife curiously.

"Several things," she said, now almost convulsed with laughter.

She had been occupied not only with dressing herself but with watching the movements of her husband in one corner and his enemy, Wishie, in the other.

"Well, for the love of—

"What's the matter?" interrupted Mrs. Kennedy who by this time had progressed so far in her toilet as to add the last touch of powder.

"Well, will you please tell me why you are taking off your shoe again?" she questioned, trying to control her mirth.

"Because I can't find the mate to this blue sock!" he snapped as he saw his wife pin on her hat, pick up her gloves and gather Wishie in her arms.

"Perhaps if you would condescend to sit on the floor to put on your shoes and socks you would make more speed," she teased as she tripped down the stairs.

Ten minutes later Mr. Kennedy stamped down the stairs, snatched up his hat and cane and appeared in the library door very pink of face and very moist of brow.

Mrs. Kennedy enjoyed the joke immensely but she was a very diplomatic person, so she simply made no comment whatsoever, but picking up Wishie preceded her husband to the door and waited for him to open it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, I certainly hope you enjoyed yourself enough to justify the persecution of your husband for a perfectly good evening," remarked Mr. Kennedy several hours later as he and his wife were preparing to retire.

"So bad as that? Well thanks awfully," said Mrs. Kennedy bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Well, what's the enormous joke?"

asked her husband in an offended tone.

"Joke?— Joke?— Didn't you see the joke?" she managed to gasp out between the peals of laughter.

"Well, not exactly," said Mr. Kennedy glancing at his wife out of the corner of his eye. He still felt that, in some mysterious manner, her stupendous amusement was at his expense.

"Oh, you poor dear," she taunted, "you are dense! Just let me finish laughing and I'll try to explain— Didn't you see the expression on Mrs. Winters' face when we walked in?"

"Well, I can't say that I noticed anything very peculiar on Mrs. Winter's map—with all apologies to her highness. In fact, I didn't look at her at all," said Mr. Kennedy, rather mystified.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! laughed Mrs. Kennedy. "And didn't you notice her when she saw Wishie?—she almost fainted! She simply abhors dogs!"

"Well, will you please be so obliging as to explain to me just why you took that miserable little wretch of a dog to the home of your friend when you were aware of her dislike of canines?"

"Well! If men are not the most stupid creatures! We're not friends at all, we are arch enemies. We went to call upon her to avenge ourselves," explained Mrs. Kennedy.

This was too much for Mr. Kennedy. He simply roared and to emphasize his mirth he hurled his shoe, which he had just unlaced, into the corner of the room opposite him, following it with his eyes. When it had reached its destination he continued to gaze at the spot.

"What is that over there in the corner by my shoe?" he questioned as his wife glanced over his shoulder.

"Your other blue sock, dearie," she said, smiling sweetly.

Going over to the corner Mrs. Ken-



nedy picked up that which at one time had been a blue silk sock but was now in tatters.

"If I had my hands on that little pest of a dog I'd finish up the job I left half done this evening," he growled.

"Don't talk about Wishie like that now, dearie. You won't be troubled any more. Perhaps you didn't notice that we didn't bring him home, she added, noticing her husband's stupefied expression.

"Didn't bring Wishie home!" exclaimed Mr. Kennedy. "What under heaven has happened?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Winters has always known that we disliked both her and her cats, so one day she came to call upon Mother. She insisted upon making her a present of a little kitten, knowing that Mother would not directly insult her by refusing, so we were obliged to accept the obnoxious creature. Now, do you see the connection? Do you know why I left Wishie? I knew I could punish Mrs. Winters and make a sacrifice for you at the same time, since you hate Wishie so much," said Mrs. Kennedy, trying to look like a persecuted saint.

As she expected, her husband was touched. "Suppose she poisons him," he said a little uneasily.

"Then you don't hate him so tremendously after all!" cried Mrs. Kennedy joyously.

"Not half as much as I thought," said her husband, as he kissed her on her forehead.

"Then it's all right, dearie. I'm so happy! I only told Mrs. Winters that I wanted her to keep Wishie for a week, as I intended to go away. Now I'll tell her that I changed my mind about the trip and will take him back. I didn't think you really hated my doggie so much as you believed you did. You see I only wanted to test you."

It has been said that Mrs. Kennedy is a diplomat. From this incident it may be perceived to what extent she used her art.

And now that the sincere worshippers of the Kennedys, especially those of the latter class, have had a glimpse of the true life of our hero and heroine, do you suppose they will continue to think of them as gods or simply as human beings, even as themselves?

H. L. F., June, '19.

—————B—————

### FOR TRUTH'S SAKE

"Jack, are you going to the circus?"

"Yes! I s'pose so, if I can get a ticket by watering elephants. I usually can, because they drink so much."

"Oh, tell me about them, Jack. I never saw one. Are they big or little and what do they look like?"

The talkers were two little children seated on the door-step of one of the dirtiest houses in the tenement part of New York. Jack, the boy, was, as he thought, a man of the world, and loved to tell his little friend the wonders he had seen while selling papers. He lived in one room with his father, who thought him more a nuisance than anything else, and Mary was a little girl, who lived in another part of the dark cheerless house with her brothers and sisters. Jack was her only true friend and they were often seen together.

Jack's heart was moved by the appeal in Mary's face when she asked for the description of an elephant, so he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you to the circus Saturday afternoon. Can you go then?"

Mary's face answered for her, it was beaming with happiness. "See what I have." He drew two shining quarters out of his pocket. "They will buy us pretty good seats and before Saturday I may have more and then we can get some peanuts."

"Jack, won't that be wonderful? I am so happy, I know I shall never be able to sleep nor nothing or anything, I mean." Jack had been teaching her to use the language the teachers had taught him every Friday night, but it was hard for her and sometimes she forgot.

"Mary, aint ye got them dishes washed yet?" Helen, Mary's sister, appeared at the door, dirty and ragged. Mary went into the house. She knew it would be useless to raise any objection. It would only make her sister crosser.

Jack arose and stopped on the step to look again at his money and as he drew it from his pocket his father appeared at the door. At the sign of the money his eyes gleamed and the hard look in them plainly spoke that he would take the money from his son.

That night as Jack was selling his evening papers his thoughts returned to Mary. He knew that by Saturday he could not have fifty cents and also knew that he could not disappoint her. Oh, how he hated that cruel father who had taken half of his money to buy whiskey. But he knew Mary would not go if it was going to cause him to stay at home. Otherwise he would give her the one ticket. Unconsciously he had been walking down the street and came upon three of his newsboy friends whom he had met at school. Jack's thoughts were suddenly sent into another channel. "Say, boys, when you wanted to take a girl to the circus and only had money enough for one, how would you manage?"

"Give the money to the girl and let her go alone," was the first suggestion given.

"Give her a ticket and then wiggle yourself under the tent. You won't be caught."

"A'w 'gwan, d'ye think I'm a thief?" Jack was very indignant.

"Let him alone, boys, he's just mama's baby, tied to mama's apron-strings." The boys walked away hugely enjoying the parting shot.

Until Saturday Jack worried and wondered what he would do and it was time to go. Surely she would not refuse.

As they were on their way he was depressed and did little talking. He was busy with his thoughts. How could he spoil her happiness? She was bubbling over with joy and was talking so much herself that she did not notice his depressed countenance. She acted as a bird suddenly freed from a long winter of imprisonment. As they came down into the crowded parts of the street, she stopped talking and looked in wonder at the richly dressed people whirling by in their automobiles. In her childish mind there was no thought of envy. These people seemed to live and belong to another world. The crowd grew denser as they neared the circus grounds and a thought struck him. He would lose his little friend in the crowd and then she would go in without him. No, that would not do. He had no reason to give her the ticket and she could not go in without it.

They were almost at the entrance when another idea entered his head which he thought would work. "Stay here, Mary," he commanded, "I will come up for you in a minute." He walked up to the man who was assisting in taking the tickets and drawing him to one side, said, "Say, Mister, I want to take a friend to the circus and only have one ticket."

"Sorry, old man, but two can't go in on one ticket."

"But I want to know if you wouldn't let us both go in and then I'll pretend to loose her in the crowd and come out."

"That won't work, kid, that's been pulled before."

"But I promise I won't stay. She'll be so disappointed."

"I can't stand here and argue." The expression of helplessness and disappointment on Jack's manly little face caught the attention of the man.

"All right, go on in. I believe you're on the level."

"Come on Mary, we're ready." They walked in and as Jack handed the ticket to the man she heard him say, "I'll keep my word," but she was too excited to think what he meant."

Jack had his chance and took it. When they were in an unusually large crowd he left her. He found his way to the entrance and slipped out. His friend was not in sight, but he turned when he heard someone say: "Well, sonny, you are a brave man." There was his friend with his kind face. Jack smiled back, but walked on. Soon someone touched his arm and he turned expecting to see one of his pals, but was surprised to see his ticket friend beside him.

"Go 'awn in, kid, I'll pay ye'r way. It seems so good to see an honest fellow once in a while that it makes me want 'to help him."

"You ain't kiddin', are you?"

"Sure not. Go on in. Here's a ticket for you." He put a ticket into Jack's hand and walked away.

Jack entered and looked around the big circle for Mary. Soon he saw her head bobbing anxiously in the front row. He hurried to her and when she saw him she said:

"Gee, I thought we were lost in the crowd. Here we are, ain't it lovely, Jack?"

"Sh! said Jack, "here comes the elephants."

## "LA CHUTE"

(With Apologies to Victor Hugo)

"You have never been down a shute before? That doesn't matter, you can't imagine how easy it is. What, you, are afraid to climb up the ladder. It is rather steep, but if you hold on and go up slowly, you won't fall—unless you should slip. Just watch me now and see for yourself how easy it is.

"I watch her wistfully. Truly it does look easy. She climbs the ladder with airy grace, seats herself at the top of the shute, looks around with a nonchalant air and slides down into the water. She comes up panting, 'Now you are not afraid, are you, since you see how it's done? Come on and try it.' But something inside of me shrieks wildly, 'No, No,' and I feel like running away. But she persists saying, 'Oh, come on, be a sport,' until I have to go or be dubbed a coward forevermore. At last, desperately, I agree to try it once.

"We approach that awful ladder. I look up to the top. It seems a mile long. She keeps urging me on. I begin bravely to ascend. My foot slips on the wet board. I hang frantically on with both hands, screaming my loudest, while she places my dangling feet back on the rungs of the ladder. 'You just slipped a little,' she murmurs, grinning. Everybody in the pool, attracted by the unearthly noise which has just issued from my lips, is looking up at me, laughing. I fail to see the joke. Gasping, I inform her of my desire to back down the ladder. Her only answer is a laugh. Oh, hertless girl.' She nudges me, I begin to climb. My heart is down in my green bathing slippers. I know that this ladder is more than one mile long, it must be at least three. At last, Oh wonder of wonders, I have reached the top. I

look down. Below me, so far below me is terra firma. But worst of all, between myself and land lies green water. I gasp out somehow, Oh, I cannot go down that awful thing. Shuddering, I look at the little board, with water running down it. 'It looks very narrow,' I murmur. 'Suppose I should fall over the side?' 'You won't slip off,' comforts my companion, 'people very seldom slip off.'

"I think to myself that if anybody ever will slip off, I will be that one. But after more explanation on her part, of the ease with which the descent can be made, and more fear and trembling on my part, I sit down on the edge, grasping the sides with a fierce clutch. My heart pounding, seeing visions of myself fracturing my

skull on the iron supports of this terrible device of torture, I begin to slide. Someone gives me a gentle push. My hold is loosened. I am going, going. Someone screams but whether it is I or not, I cannot say. I do know that afterwards they told me I created quite a sensation in this, my first trip. Suddenly I am engulfed by something green, something salty. Now I am coming to the surface, I breathe the air once more, I strike out madly for the ledge of the pool. I pull myself upon it and sit there, half dazed, hardly able to realize I am still alive. But I mentally decide, then and there that no amount of persuasion will ever induce me to go down any shute again."

ELIZABETH HARTMAN,  
June, '19.

## Editorials

**Time of Rejoicing** Examinations have come and gone! The long-looked for vacation is here at last! On everyone's face there is a broad, expansive smile of "Welcome."

And it is indeed time to smile. For the past two weeks, since the day when was first announced the schedule for examinations, there have been very few smiles floating around our halls. These few smiles belonged to the handful of lucky ones who had in some mysterious way convinced the teacher that they already had their quota of knowledge, and that it would be useless and unnecessary, as well as a waste of time and energy, to require them to go through the mere form of being examined. The less fortunate ones looked upon these with both envy and reproach: envy because they had gotten out of it so "slickly" and because there was no need for them to "dig" and "cram";

reproach because they had the heart to smile and enjoy themselves while they (the less fortunate ones) could only frown and burn the "midnight oil."

But now this is all over—happenings of the remote past. After those two nerve-racking weeks of study and strain, we face the present—the time of vacation, the time of pleasure. Now everything is smiles—no more scowls, nor more frowns, no more worrying. Of course, there are a few who did not successfully pass the exams. Always are! But these managed to grin and bear it, for did they not expect it?

It is a well-known fact that one always expects to fail, and is surprised when he finds that he has passed. Perfectly natural, though! Everyone believes in the maxim which says that "to prepare for the worst, is to guard against disappointment."



Follow this saying through your work and play, and life will be one wide, continuous smile.

We hope that Life will hold many smiles for the graduates, who are in reality just commencing to live. May their path be strewn with roses and as few thorns as possible! May they succeed in whatever phase of work they decide upon! And above all, may they never forget the lessons that were taught them in Our High!

So, on behalf of the entire student body, we bid you, Seniors, one and all, a fond adieu.

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**The School Year** The fundamental aim of the High School is to train for Citizenship.

If the High School does not give its students the proper ideals for good Citizenship, communities will not advance. There are more than three million students in the High Schools of this country. A small percentage will go to college, the others will be absorbed directly into the life of their respective communities and create the public opinion by which their communities are controlled.

The Walter Reed High School is rapidly becoming the social, civic, and intellectual center of this community. A brief survey of the achievements of the year which is now about to close will give evidence of this fact.

There are at present more than 500 students in the Walter Reed High School. Practically all of the students will become citizens of this community. The ideals that they receive here will determine the future progress of the city.

The work of each department of the school has been carefully standardized in the light of the best ideals for current practice in secondary education. The school has been recognized and accredited by the Southern Associa-

tion of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This makes it possible for any graduate to be admitted without examination to all colleges or universities in the country that admit by certificate. The daily program has been so organized that the educational value of each activity can be achieved. A high standard for dramatic effort, for the Literary Societies, for Music and for every other organization has been established. The teachers and pupils have worked together with the common purpose of making our school the very best school in the country.

Many notable additions to the school have been made this year. A library has been instituted at a cost of \$500, and plans for an expenditure of at least \$1000 additional during the next two years have been perfected. The lunch room has admirably met the needs of the students. The magazine has served the splendid purpose of giving the school a community consciousness. Its services as a medium for expressing the versatility of the student body and the public opinion of the school community is beyond estimate. The Greeks placed before their children beautiful and inspiring creations in art. Surrounded by this atmosphere the Greek child developed into a man possessing the highest conception of culture and civilization the world has ever seen. In order to promote this educational idea the students, under the direction of the faculty committee, have contributed almost \$300 for school decorations. The general plan is being worked out and by next year our building will be a much more inspiring place in which to live. A standard for dramatics in the school and in the community was set by the eminently successful presentation of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The local press characterized the production as the



equal of ambitious professional performances. A new and higher standard of the drama has been given the school and it will be rigidly maintained in the future. The High School Orchestra has not only been a large contributing factor to the success of the weekly Assembly and to all other public functions of the school, but it has rendered service of some form to every other school in the city and has also given an evening's entertainment for New Zealand Soldiers. The High School was the leading feature in the parade for the dedication of the Victory Arch. Our students have personally greeted nine-tenths of the Overseas men who have returned to this port. Many expressions have been received from the men. The students of the school have contributed their services to every patriotic movement in the community. They have sold War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds. In the last Liberty Loan nearly \$50,000 worth of bonds were sold by students of the High School. At the mid-term Commencement a very able public debate was given on the City Manager plan which has recently been adopted by a mass meeting in this city. The athletes of the school have won the Peninsula foot ball championship, and the Peninsula base ball championship. Volley ball has been added to the athletic program

and has been greatly enjoyed by the students. The general Athletic Association, the Orpheus Club, the Junior Red Cross and all other organizations have been very successful and are on a sound financial basis. The general Assembly every Monday morning has been a large factor in crystallizing the ideals of the students. Varied programs, always of a high standard, have been given and the students look forward to Monday morning with pleasant anticipation. We are proud of this list of achievements but we are not satisfied. The faculty is now working on a new course of study, which will be enlarged and enriched so that the highest possibilities may be achieved. Our school is giving a splendid education from the neck up but the large and important part of the body from the neck down is being almost entirely neglected. The immediate and pressing need of the school is a department of Physical Education that will enable every student in the school to participate in some form of physical exercise and learn something of personal hygiene. This is the leading factor of the program of the school for next year and the editors of "The Beacon" wish to urge the student body, the Faculty, the School Board, and the people of the community to see that it is put into operation.





## STATEMENT OF THE EXPENDITURE AND FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION FOR THE YEAR 1918-19

On hand from last year .....	\$ 145.86
Receipts .....	356.65
	<hr/>
	\$ 502.51
Foot Ball Expenses.....	Equipment and Improvements.....\$161.35
	Travelling ..... 38.00
Base Ball.....	Equipment and Improvements..... 39.80
	Travelling ..... 30.00
Volley Ball.....	Equipment and Improvements..... 39.15
	Travelling ..... 1.60
Basket Ball.....	Equipment and Improvements..... 27.90
	.....
Tennis.....	Improvements ..... 14.70
	.....
	<hr/>
	352.50
	<hr/>
	Balance..... \$ 150.01
	A. L. HAMILTON, Treasurer.

—B—

## REPORT OF THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Since the burning of our building in 1913 our High School has been in need of a good library. One hundred books in the normal training department and a broken set of an encyclopedia with a few miscellaneous copies of unreadable texts constituted our library at the beginning of the session. We had become so used to the deprivation of many necessities that it took Inspector Hotz's sharp criticism to bring us to the realization

that we could at least form the nucleus of a good library this session.

In December a library committee of teachers was appointed and donations of books were requested from the school. Patrons and pupils responded so liberally that within thirty days two hundred and eighteen worth while volumes had been contributed. Among them a complete set of Scott, given by Mr. J. W. Read, and twenty-five volumes of "The Historians History of the World," given by Dr. Cutler.

By vigilant and constant effort the committee, through entertainments,

food sales, and donations of money, has raised \$253.71. The school board has shown its appreciation by generously contributing another \$250.00, thereby making an investment this year in the library of \$500, with a balance of \$3.71 to carry forward for next year's work.

Now at the end of five month's hard work we find we have:

History .....	129 Vol.
Literature .....	225 Vol.
Pedagogy .....	100 Vol.
General Reference .....	45 Vol.
Science and Biology.....	54 Vol.
Fiction .....	104 Vol.

making a total of 667 volumes on our shelves with an order in the hands of the publishers for thirty volumes and six magazines to be in September the first.

Anticipating an equally successful session next year we cheerfully submit this report.

M. S. HOWISON,  
Librarian.

## WALTER REED ART FUND

Room 9 (2A).....	\$ 20.11
Room 5 (3B).....	10.00
Room 7 (2B).....	12.50
Room 10 (2A).....	3.00
Room 13 (1B).....	15.30
Rooms 2 and 3 (Seniors) .....	35.00
Room 14 (1A).....	10.55
Seventh, A and B.....	73.18
Grand Total .....	<b>\$179.64</b>
Dep. in Schmelz Bk...	156.34
Cash on hand.....	23.30
Total .....	<b>\$179.64</b>

Money to be spent in statuary, pictures and friezes.

MRS. M. M. EDWARDS,  
Chairman of Art Committee.

—————B—————

## THE ORPHEUS CLUB

Combined Musical and Dramatic Organization of the  
Walter Reed High School

FINANCIAL REPORT, YEAR ENDING JUNE, 1919

### ORCHESTRA

#### Receipts

2/23 Orchestra Concert .....	\$ 31.70	
4/8 Orchestra Concert .....	17.50	
3/25 Jackson School .....	1.50	5 50.50

#### Expenditures

4/5/19 E. McD. Gemmell (instruments) .....	34.00	
4/5/19 J. W. Pepper (music) .....	6.68	
4/5/19 Thesdore Presser (music) .....	2.03	
4/20/19 Jake Gordon (music) .....	2.00	
4/20/19 Fergusson Music Co. (instruments) .....	3.50	
5/5/19 J. W. Pepper (music) .....	2.90	51.11

Deficit ..... \$ .61

**"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"****Receipts**

5/7 Deposited—Schmelz National Bank .....	\$289.00	
5/7 Deposited Schmelz National Bank .....	61.07	<u>\$350.07</u>

**Expenditures**

5/27 Fergusson Music Co. (record albums) .....	\$ 3.50	
Meyer's Department Store (costumes) .....	7.50	
Virginia Transfer (hauling) .....	5.00	
Daily Press (advertising) .....	16.50	32.50
Waas & Son (costumes) .....	25.00	
Franklin Printing Co. (tickets) .....	2.75	
Newport News Printing Co. (posters) .....	9.75	
5/9 Waas & Son (costumes and expressage) .....	37.41	
5/13 Virginia Transfer (hauling) .....	5.00	
Vansant, the Florist (decorations) .....	6.00	
Sol Nachman (bunting) .....	4.50	
Virginia Tent and Awning Co (curtains) .....	18.50	
Newport News Printing Co. (posters) .....	6.75	
Hendricks Hardware Co. (wire) .....	4.56	
Weaver Lumber Co. (lumber) .....	16.86	
Holladay Studio (pictures) .....	18.00	
C. F. Lytle (incidental expenses) .....	15.00	
Franklin Printing Co. (programs) .....	28.15	
Elizabeth Ivy (costume material) .....	16.00	246.73
Balance .....		<u>\$ 103.34</u>
Orchestra Deficit .....		<u>\$ .61</u>
Cash on hand .....		102.73
Victrola (ordered) .....		60.00
Final Balance .....		<u>\$ 52.73</u>

C. F. LYTLE, Director.

—B—

From "The Times-Herald."

**THE CITY'S GREATEST EXHIBIT**

Last Sunday afternoon when the citizens of this city turned out en masse they looked upon the Victory Arch and said, "This is our tribute to patriotic heroism." They looked upon the soldiers who marched under the Arch of Victory and said, "These are the heroes in whose honor the emblem of victory was erected and dedicated." But when they looked upon the school children who graced the

occasion they said, "It was for these that the war was fought—that they might have a richer freedom, better living conditions and a freer field for mental, moral and spiritual development." The parade of the school children was our greatest exhibit last Sunday.

As civilization has progressed, each successive generation has done more and more for the welfare of the children; for how else would there have been any progress? Whenever that is not the rule; when, if ever, the elders







of the land be not willing to make sacrifices for the betterment of the children, for enlarged and improved educational facilities, for playgrounds and recreational places, for sanitary conveniences, and for all that helps the child nature in its unfolding, then will the human race begin to degenerate and decay. Hence the quality of the civilization of any people in any age is measured by the sentiment of the elders in regard to education, in the broadest sense, of the children.

—B—

### HIGH SCHOOL'S PART IN 29th DIVISION WELCOME

On the 19th of May we learned that the 29th Division would positively land here the morning of the 20th and as the School Board declared a holiday for the school children of the city, the boys and girls got together and organized under one head to greet the "Boys" with some good old yelling, with High School "Pep," and Monday, just after lunch, all of the grades practiced some mode of making a "Noise of Welcome."

The next day we all assembled at 9:00 A. M. in the Walter Reed building and marched over town by the 25th street route, taking our places on

the South side of 25th Street, from the Arch to River Road. It was probably an hour or two before the soldiers came up the street but the students were happy and full of pep from the minute they assembled at the school until the soldiers had passed and the crowd dispersed.

When the "Boys" came by the girls showered them with flowers while the crowd in general gave them a vocal "royal welcome." This is truly a "Red Letter" day in the history of our school. Never before had the students shown the eagerness, the pep, and the 100% spirit on any occasion as was so marked in the universal greeting of welcome.

In perfect contrast with the long marches and the battle fields of France a truck full of flowers led the parade while six or seven High School girls in the truck strewed flowers at the feet of our home-coming Heroes.

Everyone on the streets wore a smile that day and the citizens could not help but think, as they looked upon the "joy-makers" of the High School, we are proud of you boys and girls, for the great part you took in the "Welcome" and we are unanimous in the opinion that you have acquitted yourselves with an unparalleled ability as "Gloom-killers."

#### BEQUEST OF THE PARTING SENIORS

### *"Dulce et Decorum Pro Patria Mori"*

BEVERLY BURKS  
IRA M. DERR  
CARY EPPES  
JOHN R. HAYES

F. CARY McMULLEN  
SETH MURRAY  
PRYOR R. PERKINS  
CARL WEIGEL

"We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Presented by Class of June, 1919.

# Orchestra

The High School Orchestra is hard at work on its program for Commencement Week. Several new numbers have already been added to its repertoire, as has been demonstrated at recent Assembly Concerts; and many standard selections are in preparation, among them Kellar-Bella's "Lutspiel Overture," Braga's "Angel's Serenade," and Mendelsshon's "Spring Song." Fifteen minute orchestra programs will precede the Class Night and Commencement exercises which will probably prove not the least enjoyable features of these evenings.

On Friday evening, June 20th, the orchestra gave its first formal public concert. A well balanced program had been arranged, and Miss Getrude Nichols, a contralto of great charm and power, was secured as assisting soloist. No admission charge was made, but nevertheless the seating capacity of the Auditorium was severely tried on that evening.

There is a possibility that a school Jazz Band may be organized as an adjunct of the Orchestra which will be heard on rare and informal occasions. The function of the orchestra is to develop appreciative and intelligent listeners. Like all other or-

ganizations in the school that are worth while, it has a distinct educational value—but perhaps proper discrimination may be cultivated by the infrequent use of horrible examples, hence, the Jazz Band!

The real test of the orchestra's worth will come when we re-organize next fall. If there is not a perceptible increase in the number of applicants who try out for the school's band, and a greater variety of instruments available, then the orchestra has not quite fulfilled its mission. We need some brass instruments—a cornet or two, a trombone, a saxophone, and perhaps a baritone. Two or three clarinets could be used to advantage, another flute would fit nicely, and a cello would certainly add dignity and character to our organization.

In the long summer vacation many will be held at a loss for some way to put in the time, and in the three months between the close and the re-opening of school creditable work may be done on all the instruments mentioned. There is no reason why the Walter Reed High School Orchestra cannot become the finest school orchestra in Virginia.

—————B—————

## MISS LETT

One of the most valuable contributions to the school this year is the Lunch Room. The students are unanimous in their verdict that the efficient service rendered by the Lunch Room has been a great factor in making our school the convenient, comfortable, and happy place it is.

The students and faculty cannot let the year pass without expressing to Miss Lett their sincere appreciation for this valuable institution that she

has founded and fostered without a penny of compensation. She has done this as her contribution to the progress of the school. It has been outside of her regular work. The thanks and praise of the school are due Miss Lett.

—————B—————

"Officer," said a lady much above the average avoirdupois, "could you see me across the street?"

"Madam, I could see you half a block!"—Judge.



ORCHESTRA



## A Mid-Summer Night's Dream

The presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Orpheus Club of the High School, on Friday, May 9, was an achievement more significant and worthy of recognition than a merely creditable performance by young folks in whom the community has a natural interest.

In addition, it marked the end of nearly a decade of utter neglect by the Peninsula to make the slightest effort to popularize the fount of English drama, literature, and poetry by a public performance of any of the plays

tor in the educational life of the community as well as the school.

Considered merely as an exercise in memorization, the production of the play was a remarkable feat.

One instance will illustrate:

Mr. Islin (as Oberon) had 242 lines and 29 speeches of the most delightful, yet ornate and complex, passages of the play. Other roles were equally as lengthy, but not once during the performance was the voice of the prompter heard.

The spirited animation of the play-



with which our familiarity is so largely a matter of pretense.

The literary education that does not go back to the Bard is analogous to the presumption of legal knowledge that makes a show with familiarity with cases without the guiding foundation of great principles.

The problem of Shakespeare is to induce his general reading and closer study. There is no better means to encourage this end than by the conscientious production and the sympathetic hearing of his play.

Preparing for the play required weeks of careful study and constant drill. Training in self control, in repression, in co-operation more vital than that of the class-room came to those who participated in the revival, and the play became a significant fac-

ers merits much praise. None of the self-conscious, stilted mannerisms of average amateur production marred the play. To single out particular members would necessitate a mead of applause for nearly every individual player, for each role was graced with characterization that made it a distinct, outstanding part.

Jake Gordon,, assuming his part with only a few days preparation, because of eleventh hour changes, necessitated by the withdrawal of the boy originally chosen for Lysander, deserves special commendation. He made an impetuous, dashing, altogether convincing and likeable lover. Miss Nachman was an animated, spirited Hermia, willing to fight for the love she deemed her due. Bernard Gheisling made Demetrius more than





a lay figure in the story, and Miss Eleanor Smith graced the complex, thankless role of Helena with much charm. Venable Jester read the Duke's stately lines with a dignity and assurance, and Miss Elizabeth Moore made Hippolyta a truly regal figure.

Especially beautiful expression was given Oberon's musical lines by Edward Islin; Miss Nellie Midgett was a delight to the eye as Titania, and the antics of Sigmund Cohen as Puck kept the delighted audience merry all through the evening.

It was the workmen, however, who brought down the house. Each appearance was a signal for a ripple of chuckling anticipation and they proved joy-bringers without exceptions. The interlude of Act V was accompanied by gales of laughter and tumultuous applause. Harley Brown and Charles Cohen proved excellent foils for the indefatigable Bottom, and Edward Travis, who assumed that part, was surely the star on all occasions.

Attractive stage settings created in our cheerless Assembly Hall, an enchantingly lovely forest, with waving trees and nodding blossoms, as charming as Corot's daintiest masterpiece. Too much praise cannot be lavished on the delightful fairy dances staged by Mrs. Jester and the hilarious clown bergomaster, for which Mrs. Lake was responsible.

The Daily Press summarizes the presentation in the following style:

### **LARGE AUDIENCE SEES HIGH SCHOOL PLAY**

**Cast In "A Mid Summer Night's Dream" Is Warmly Applauded**

"A Mid Summer Night's Dream," the immortal comedy fantasy of William Shakespeare, was presented by

a cast of High School pupils at Walter Reed school last night and greatly pleased a large audience that followed the machinations of Oberon, the love making of Titania with the Ass, the frolics of Puck and the absurdities of Bottom with unflagging interest.

The young players, who had been carefully trained by Clyde Francis Lytle, who also took the part of Egeus, read their lines well and carried the action with spirit. The stage setting was attractive and every detail of the more pretentious performances of the professional "revival" was followed and adapted. There was a lovely chorus of dancing fairies to support Titania; the costumes were appropriate and worn with an air, and the rehearsals and final production of Pyramus and Thisbe, with "Moon," "Wall," "Lion," etcetera, were given with the proper emphasis and spirit of the rather tumultuous Shakespearian brand of comedy.

—B—

### **CREDIT TO OUR TYPE-WRITING CLASS**

Never was there a group of more joyous pupils in a high school than were those of the "Walter Reed High" upon the first appearance of "The Beacon." All day there had been a high nervous tension among the students and as the hour for dismissal drew near the sensation only increased. After the ringing of the bell at the end of the last period it was impossible to maintain the slightest degree of order. Every class room was thrown into confusion and with the entrance of the distributors of our magazine it sounded as if pandemonium had been released.

Judging from the animated faces of the pupils surely it is safe to say that their hopes had been fulfilled. The



editors were congratulated and the writers of the several articles praised. The first issue was considered an enormous success.

Although the first charm had dulled somewhat by the second and third issues of our magazine, still it did not cease to delight the hearts of all. But with the fourth edition the majority of the school, although they anticipated the book with pleasure, began to look upon it simply as a mechanism which might easily be manipulated without any more co-operation from them. Practically the entire work fell upon a certain few who realized that if they did not put forth all possible efforts the magazine would cease to exist and rather than permit this they assumed the burden uncomplainingly. Chief among the faithful workers were the members of the type-writing class. It is these who have worked most ceaselessly and have received the least praise. Few people realize the stupendous amount of work required for the production of a monthly magazine. They seem to think, that is, if they do think at all, only of the pleasure which the authors of the different articles must derive from seeing their work printed, overlooking entirely the many tedious hours spent in the production of such matter, forgetting altogether the weary days which have been required of the editors for the collection of this material, and they ignore the monotonous grind of the copy work done in the type-writing room.

But this lack of appreciation is probably caused in this case, as in many others, by ignorance. Possibly most persons do not know that every piece of print in "The Beacon" passes through and must be copied by the hands of the type-writing class. The public, like the printers, take it as a matter of course that the material

should come to them legible and correct in every phase.

However, the work of this class will never be estimated highly enough by the school, but they are charitable enough to feel that they are not purposely overlooked and are contented to work on for the good of their magazine, conscious that although they are only one spoke of the wheel, each spoke must be always ready and fit to "make the wheel go round."

—B—

### SENIORS AGAIN

On Tuesday, June 10th, the "4Bs" presented a most pleasing vaudeville sketch for the benefit of the Art Fund. It was well attended and the sum of forty-one dollars and a half was realized. This performance displaying the talent of the various members of the class presented a most enjoyable program.

A vocal solo was given by Miss Helen Wills, the prima donna of the class, which was received with pleasure, also one by Mr. Fayette Cline. In the exhibition dance of "Miss" John B. Stone and Mr. Carter Robinson, the Vernon Castles would have found rivals while Herman the Great would have been put in the background by Miss Virginia Kirby and her "Mysterious Minnie." The Kindergarteners, indeed, brought us back to our childhood days with their renditions of "M-I-S" and "Goes Into," this being preceded by a very pleasing recitation by Miss Helen Flory.

The boxing match, in which Mr. Fenigsohn defeated Mr. Topping, was splendid while Mr. Topping's acting was all that could be wished for. Last but not least was the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Fitchett to Mr. Howard Tall which was performed by the Reverend Otis Forbes in the presence of the many relatives and friends of the couple. The bride en-





tered with her father, Mr. Irwin Massell, by whom she was given away, while the nervous groom was supported by his best man, Mr. Edward Huffman. Miss Fitchett was attended by "Miss" Louis Spiers, who filled the place of maid of honor most capably. With the entrance of Robert Bailey, the flower girl, who duly performed all the antics peculiar to a four year old, the audience was convulsed. At three forty-five the curtain fell, leaving a smile on the faces of the various members of the faculty and outbursts of joy among the students.

MATTIE LOU NEWMAN,

June, '19.

—B—

### N. N. H. S. CELEBRATES HAMPTON'S DEFEAT

#### Junir Class Gives Trolley-ride to Old Point, Buckroe and Morrison

To celebrate their triumph over Hampton High School, and to acquaint the folks of the Peninsula with the fact that the Newport News High School base ball team had achieved the Championship of the Peninsula, a school trolley-ride was arranged on Friday night by the Junior Class of the Walter Reed High School.

Two large open cars, jammed with about 150 enthusiastic hilarious students, left North End at 7:30 for the trip which covered the entire Peninsula.

The noise made by the students would have done credit to a Bolshevik mob. When just outside of Hampton, the cheer-leaders took their places. Everything was quiet. It was the lull before the storm. Just before the cars reached the school, the cheer-leaders gave their signals, and when the students hove into sight, there was a thunderous crash as the 150 students sounded forth the snappy yell of the Old Gold and Dark Blue with such a volume of noise that it almost set the

foundations of the Hampton School rocking. But this was only the beginning. All through the streets of Hampton the students snapped out the yells with enthusiasm that only a victorious school can give. Oh man, didn't the Old Gold and Dark Blue's yells sound good in Crabtown? You can imagine what a soothing effect it had upon the Hamptonian's ears. All through the trip the Sophs stuck up to their tradition of being carefree and fun-loving, by leading in the cheering. The said Juniors and the stately Seniors were also in evidence while the Freshies stood up for the fact that they were and always will be fresh.

If the yells rang true, no more will the large part of the score be on the Crabber's talley-sheet. The scalp of Crabtown will hereafter repose in Newport News' belt!

The trolley ride ended at 12:00 and all voted it to be the treat of the season.

—B—

### LITERARY NIGHT

The joint meeting of the Philolethian and Eureka Literary Societies was held on June 26th.

The main topic of interest was the debate between the Eureka and Philolethian orators.

The subject of debate was, resolved: "That the University of Virginia should be open to women on the same basis that it is now open to men."

Herbert Falk and Venable Jester upholding the negative, represented the Eurekaans, and the affirmative was represented by Hobson Wilson and Earl Nettles, of the Philolethian Society.

The debate was won with a majority of points by the affirmative.

As usual, the night was a huge success.



## THE SENIOR MOONLIGHT

On Tuesday of June the tenth, the Senior Class gathered on "Pier A" to go for a long anticipated launch party. Promptly at the given time we sailed out on the "Clayton." The night was all that one could ask for, a full moon and a light breeze while the crowd was keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement. Stored in the cabin were many boxes of refreshments prepared by the girls of the class.

The ride across the James was truly enjoyable but was followed by even more interesting adventure on land. A crowd of unexpected visitors poured into the village of Crittendon, attacking first the store at the wharf, but seeing nothing that attracted our fancy, we continued up the hill. Next we danced on the lawn, fearing a shot from a neighboring house all the while. This was interrupted by the shrieks of a couple who had been strolling up the hill, that ice cream was to be had. Up the hill we all proceeded to find a church social where a horde of uninvited guests monopolized the ice cream booth. But this was too good to last long; so at the suggestion of the chaperones we returned to the boat. On the way home we enjoyed the refreshments of which there were all kinds and descriptions, and at twelve o'clock we landed back on our home soil.

This affair was such a brilliant success that it was not to be remembered as the event of the Senior Class, but as one of a series of such events.

—B—

## BEACON STAFF GIVES DANCE TO SUCCESSORS

At a delightful dinner dance June 11th in the Hampton Roads Golf Club the retiring staff of "The Beacon," the monthly chronicle of school progress,

published by the students of the Walter Reed High School, received their successors and shared with those who bear the brunt of the burden next term the experience that will make them better fitted for the task they have to perform. Robert M. Bailey, the present editor-in-chief, presided, and in a brief talk summarized the suggestions he and his colleagues had to offer and gave practical advice and helpful hints to the newcomers.

Principal Alexander followed with good counsel emphasizing the vital significance of criticism and the need of standardization for all the activities of the school. He stressed the fact that "The Beacon" had grown better with each successive issue.

Suggestive comment was made by Carter Robinson, the retiring news editor, by John B. Stone, Jr., the business manager, and by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Lytle, faculty advisors.

Music for the occasion was furnished by the High School Orchestra. The school band again demonstrated its versatility, proving itself adept at syn-copation as well as standardized concert organization.

Next year's staff will be headed by Edward Islin. The editor-in-chief's associates are George Edward Travis, literary editor; Norman Williamson, athletic editor; Norman Bradburn, news editor; Jerome Knowles, art editor; Hobson Wilson, exchange editor, and William Conner, business manager.

The guests of the occasion were:

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Carl G. Campbell, Miss Elizabeth Ivy with Mr. Smith, Miss Katharine Bangs with Mr. C. F. Lytle, Miss Helen Flory with Mr. Robert M. Bailey, Miss Elizabeth Harwood with Mr. Charles Carter Robinson, Miss Elizabeth Moore with Mr. John B. Stone, Jr., Miss Flora Rucker with Mr. Otis Forbes, Miss Naomi Scull with

Mr. Herbert Falk, Miss Doris Mottley with Mr. Richard Gatewood, Miss Lila Newsome with Mr. William Conner, Miss Helen Delk with Mr. Norman Williamson, Miss Gladys Ford with Mr. Edward Islin, Miss Helen Wills with Mr. Edward Travis, Miss Francis Street with Mr. Hobson Wilson, Miss Virginia Kirby with Mr. Edward Huffman, Miss Helen Cofer with Mr. Raymond Piland, Mr. Adolph Lefkowitz.

-----B-----

### EUREKA LITERARY SOCIETY

The most interesting and enjoyable literary society held this year by the Eureka was that of Thursday, May 29th. This society holds its meetings on Monday but for some reason our President, Mr. Forbes, had it postponed until Thursday afternoon.

Immediately upon entering the auditorium the meeting was called to order by Mr. Forbes.

When the chatter died down the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting. After this we went under the business program for a few moments, nominating the officers for the next year. The nominees were voted on by secret ballot in each class room. The following were elected:

President, Norman Bradburn.

Vice-President, Edward Islin.

Secretary, Nellie Midgett.

Treasurer, Beatrice Glass.

After the business was over we went under the head of literary program. A very enjoyable solo was given by Elizabeth Shetterly, which was well received, being encored. The current events were then read by Edward Islin. Following this Margaret Barham gave a piano solo. Miss Edna Mae Christie then recited. Next we had a play or at least a sketch of a minstrel. Miss Helen Cofer was the interlocutor with Doris Mottley as a negro boy and Virginia Kirby as a negro mammy making up the cast.

The sketch opened with a very pleasing sight, Miss Cofer was playing a Ukelelee accompanying her solo. As she finished the two comedians, Doris Mottley and Virginia Kirby, entered. As they did, an outburst of laughter was heard in every corner of the auditorium. Indeed we were all surprised to see how accomplished the trio was in this kind of amusement. A good variety of jokes were "gotten off" and I am sure that every one considers it the best program of this year. On behalf of the entire society the editor wishes to compliment the three girls taking part in this enjoyable program.

The performance was gotten up under the direction of Mr. Andrews, of the War Camp Community Service.

-----B-----

Monday, May 19th.

Mr. Alexander opened the Assembly with a few minutes given to the reading of the Bible, and a hymn. After this all of the announcements for the day were given. Mr. Alexander was not able to secure a speaker for this Assembly, but he gave us a very interesting talk on "The Honor System" as is in use at Washington and Lee University. Likewise, he spoke of other school's "Honor Systems." As a conclusion to Mr. Alexander's speech, he appointed the Student Council of our school. This has received much consideration on the part of the faculty and Student Body and after about three or four weeks of deliberation, the following were appointed: Mr. Robert M. Bailey, Mr. Charles Carter Robinson, Mr. Herbert S. Falk, Mr. Richard Gatewood and Mr. Edward Travis. The first three graduate in June, leaving the other two as a nucleus for next year. Since then these boys have been working hard incorporating the new ideals in each and every student's mind.

Monday, May 26th.

On account of being a Business Assembly Mr. Alexander did not have a speaker for the morning hour. As soon as the Biblical exercises were over, he turned the meeting over to Robert M. Bailey, Editor-in-Chief of "The Beacon," who then conducted the Business part of the Assembly. The Editors for "The Beacon" staff of 1919-20 were elected:

Mr. Edward Islin.....Editor-in-Chief  
Mr. Edward Travis.....Literary Editor  
Mr. Norman Bradburn.....News Editor  
Mr. Norman Williamson.....

Athletic Editor

Mr. William Conner.....Bus. Manager  
Mr. Hobson Wilson.....Exchange Editor

The sub-editors under each of the above will be appointed next year, with the approval of the principal.

The financial statement of the High School Lunch Room was read to the Student Body. Indeed this lunch room has been a great success and help to the school. The profit margin was practically nothing. The purpose of the lunch room is to give each student a light lunch and some candy at the actual cost. It has certainly carried out its idea and we are sure that every student in the school appreciates the work and attention given this department by Miss Lett.

Mr. Hamilton, Treasurer of the High School Athletic Association, likewise read the financial statement of the Association.

The full statement is noted in this issue.

Monday, June 2nd.

Promptly at 9:07 the Assembly came to order and Mr. Alexander made a few opening remarks and Miss Haves lead us in a couple of songs. After this, Mr. Alexander conducted the Biblical exercises, following them

with the announcements for the week. Mr. Nettles made a few remarks boosting the Junior Trolley Ride in behalf of our Art Fund. After some introductory remarks Mr. Alexander introduced one of America's original citizens, an Indian named Joe Davis.

Truly he was an Indian with a deep bass voice, long, straight, black, hair, high cheek bones and broad shoulders. First he made a few remarks in behalf of his race which were very interesting. Joe Davis is traveling through the country making similar addresses and giving the Indian performances in the different schools, with his little Indian company. Just as he finished his talk he sang an Indian song in the native way, which was enjoyed by the whole student body.

The High School Orchestra rendered a five minute concert which was very appreciably received.

### Second Casual Company Newport News, Va.

May 19th, 1919.

To the Boys and Girls of Newport News High School:

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you through your school paper, "The Beacon," for the warm and hearty reception on our landing in your city on March 13th, 1919.

Perhaps you can imagine just what it meant to us, when I tell you that we had been over-seas for over nineteen months, having gone over with the first hundred thousand, and we were getting our first glimpse of "God's Country."

On disembarking we were sent to Camp Stuart, and were greeted with a hearty "Welcome Home, Boys," by every one we met.

The side walks were lined with people who gave us a "glad hand" as long as a man remained in sight.

In passing the George Washington School the children were lined up in the school yard and cheered us to the echo as they waved the flag that we all fought for.

Next we came to the Walter Reed High School, and it was there that our real reception took place.

Cheer after cheer went up as we marched along the road and on every side were boys and girls of your school, eager to take us by the hand.

I wish, dear friends, that I could tell you all what a feeling of peace and comfort that gave to us, to be back in our country and to be welcomed by you in the fine spirit of comradeship that seems to prevail everywhere.

I have had the extreme pleasure of reading several issues of your school paper, and I wish to congratulate you on having such an excellent paper.

It would be hard to improve its many departments, especially the fiction which is so ably handled.

I wish to thank you again in the name of our entire organization for the kindness shown to us.

With wishes for the very best success in school and in after life, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

SGT. JOHN F. ELWOOD,  
2nd Casual Co.,  
Camp Hill, Va.

### HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY

- A stands for Alexander, some day he will preach.
- B stands for Bailey, who thinks he can teach.
- C stands for Cohen, the shortest of short.
- D stands for Dinner, which is given some thought.
- E stands for Easy, our studies are—"not."
- F stands for Forbes, who abounds in his wit.
- G stands for Gayle, who looks like "Wild West."
- H stands for Harwood, her beauty's no jest.
- I stands for innocence, the rats they all look.
- J stands for Jones, who knows the history book.
- K stands for Knowles, a painter of degree.
- L stands for Lytle, whose mustache strains tea.
- M stands for Moore, no one can mistake.
- N stands for Noise, we all love to make.
- O stands for obedience, Alexander does demand.
- P stands for Pulley, who "kicks up the sand."
- Q stands for quiet, which belongs to the meek.
- R stands for Robinson, our renowned Bolshevik.
- S stands for Stone, he looks very keen.
- T stands for Tall, who rivals a stringbean.
- U stands for Uniforms, a thing of the past.
- V stands for Virginia, our state till the last.
- W stands for Williamson, but "Beans" comes before.
- XYZ stands for Faculty, may they live evermore.

CHARLES CARTER ROBINSON.



# Odz and Enz

## DEDICATED TO THE BIOLOGY CLASS

Well, at last 'tis summer, and we of the Biology class, after many trials and tribulations, have finally become masters in the art of catching butterflies.

But gosh, what a time we had when we were learning! With many blushes, I recall the first day that class went out to catch the elusive *Lepidoptera*.

One morning in May, Mr. Campbell announced that we had finished Botany, and would commence Bugology right away! Our joy knew no bounds. Thank goodness, we were at last through trying to find out why flowers grow, and how many bacteria there are in a lemon.

We were first initiated into the use of the insect-net and the poison-bottle. We found that by using mosquito netting, we could convert a perfectly good crab-net into an excellent insect-net. Also, that by putting certain chemicals in a bottle, we could produce a gas so strong that even Limburger cheese would turn green with envy. After Mr. Campbell's lecture on the construction of these two things, we knew how to construct anything, from a "League of Nations" down. After several days of theory, we became quite efficient in catching, pickling and framing butterflies.

And on one bright morning, we went out to study the native haunts of the butterfly. Armed with straw-hats, nets and poison-bottles, we set out, thirty strong, to take an inside look into the domestic life of the *Lepidoptera*.

The class proceeded only a little ways, when I noted something off my starboard bow. Do my eyes deceive me, or am I bald-headed, 'tis a butterfly! With a mighty screech, I set out in pursuit of my prey. The unsuspecting butterfly, bewildered by my war-hoop, takes a few nose-dives and, righting himself, is off! I pursue, my straw hat on my head, net in one hand, and poison-bottle in the other. Vainly he flies hither and yon, but he cannot elude me—my blood is up!

The poor butterfly, seeing that he cannot elude me on a zig-zag course, as a last resort, flies straight down the road. I am gaining, clearly can I perceive his antennae and thorax! Now I am almost upon him! "Ah, me proud beauty," says I, "you soon will be reposing in my poison-bottle!" Now I am upon him—but, suddenly, my foot catches on a rock, and down I go, ploughing up the road with my nose! Quickly I get up, spitting out a quart of dust, to pursue my quarry, but he is nowhere on the horizon! Ye Gods! he has escaped my clutches!

Sick with mortification and a skinned nose, I retrace my steps back to the class.

We proceed a little further, when I spy another butterfly. More cautious this time, I wait until he flies close to me. At the psychological moment, I grasp the handle of my net as I would a base ball bat. With a mighty heave I bring the net around with all my might, intending to hit the butterfly on the head and stun him. I miss the butterfly completely, but before I can check myself, I bring the net with all my force, down on the



head of another member of the class! With a reproachful look on his face, he totters and falls back nicely into an adjoining mud-puddle. Quickly we drag him out and administer first-aid. One of the girls, in her haste, holds her poison-bottle under his nose, mistaking it for a bottle of smelling salts. But she discovers her mistake in time. After five minutes elapse, he opens his eyes and feebly gets to his feet. As he gazes upon my countenance, a look of awe o'erspreads his face. Then without further words, he turns his steps towards the school, muttering that he'd rather face "Caesar's Gallic War," than stay in the Biology class with people that will live to view the asylum from the inside.

Frantic with desperation, as I saw an entomological specimen soaring over my head, I grabbed it furiously with my good right hand, when to my intense mortification, it proved to be no Lepidoptera, but an athletically inclined member of the Hymenoptera, of the stinging persuasion. I feebly watched him wipe off his stinger, put it carefully away, and sail off.

But one of the boys had been more successful than I. He slipped up behind a butterfly and choked it to death, while the poor thing wasn't looking.

And so with one captive, we make tracks for the school house, tired but happy.

EDWARD TRAVIS,

June, '21.

—B—

### THE SENSELESS SOPH

This column is run for the purpose of answering questions. We refuse to answer questions concerning our mental efficiency, matrimonial status, or those proposed in Well's Algebra.

"S. C. S.," Hampton, Va.—We know nothing about the personal habits of President Wilson. We judge that he chews the— because we have never

seen his picture with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.

By actual count, it has been found that General Foch has 740½ hairs in his beard.

No, you're wrong. Lloyd George hasn't had a haircut or a shave since England declared war. We don't know whether he's trying to disguise himself, or what. We refuse to answer any more great International questions, because some people might want to send us to the Peace Table.

No, we can't answer that question. There are too many anti-dry agents watching the mails.

Yes, Mr. Lytle wears his moustache for a purpose. Whenever he sings the aforesaid moustache is very useful in straining the music.

Yes, write again. The next time, please send us the key to the code you use when writing, as we found it rather hard to find out what you were trying to say.

"Dark Spot," Simpson, Ala.—We noticed the beginning of your letter: "Say, am it possible to git dese few questiones answered, etc." Why man that ain't no good grammar. You should have said,—but we won't tell you. You should have said it though anyway.

Thanks very much for the piece of hoe-cake you sent along with the letter. Is that the breakfast cereal you eat down there? Really, it was good. We gave a piece to the little dog we have here in the office. He swallowed it and died of joy. Thanks also for the coat you sent. We admit, you have a very slick way of reducing the weight of the coat thereby saving express charges. By cutting off all the side buttons and putting them in the side pocket, we can readily see how it cost so little to send it up here.

As to your child's illness, we would advise the use of Peruna. We under-

stand it is good for chills, colic, stomach-ache, fever, cold feet and a sprained ankle.

That's queer, you say your brother only takes a bath once a year and you ask us how to remedy it? Listen—some day, when he isn't looking dissolve a bath tablet in his coffee. Probably this will help some. But we can't promise.

Yes, the street cars up here run on the "tri" plan. They run one hour and "try" to run the next.

Sure, drop around to see us if you ever wander up this far.

"Latin Fiend," Senselessville, Rome. —Glad to hear from you. We didn't know our column reached that far.

Yes, it was George Washington who said, "Let's have another." But we fancy this famous saying will go out of use when July rolls around.

You're right. Patrick Henry was the man. He was in jail for three weeks. They fed him only bread, water and onions. At the end of three weeks, he suddenly, and with much feeling, 'rose up in his cell and said, "Give me liberty or give me death!" They gave him liberty for

fear that they would have to pay funeral expenses.

We agree, Julius Caesar was married. All of his statutes show that the top of his head was bald. This proves that he was married. He was a great man. If we remember rightly, it was he that made Theda Bara famous.

No, none of our names are Marcus. The M stands for George. (Like the "soft A" in fish.)

Yes, Aristotle was a great composer. It was he who composed that great success, "The Stolen Rope!" It's known over this country as "The Lost Chord." Was he the guy that went around with a tub and a lantern picking out the men that evaded the barber? We aren't exactly clear on this point.

Socrates was some press agent. Why, that man could have talked the Kaiser into buying a Victory Bond. We believe that if he had had his way, he could have starred Billy Sunday in Ten Nights in a Bar-room. Well, s' long, write us again when you feel irresponsible.

IGNO RAMUS,  
Never.

### (Tune: "Till We Meet Again)

Smile the while you bid us sad adieu  
For it seems as though at last we're through.  
Out of every little stew  
That we got ourselves into,  
Same old bells will ring so drearily,  
Calls to English, Math and History  
—, School and Faculty  
May we meet again.

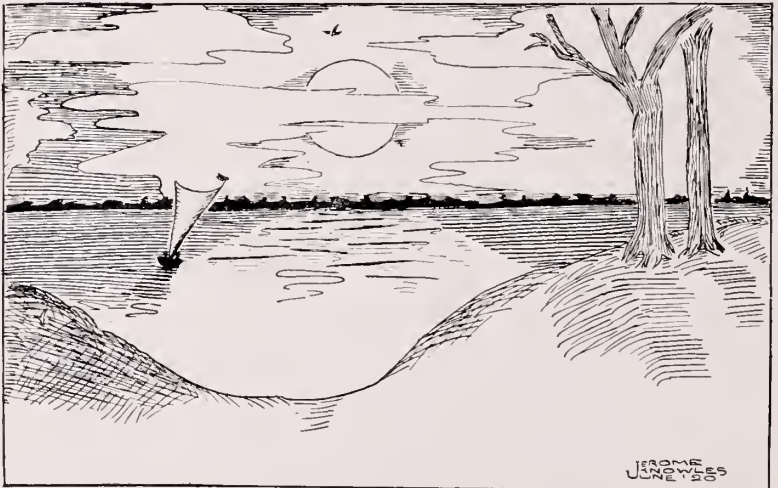
### (Smiles)

There's the Soph who thinks he's something  
And the Fresh who thinks he's "IT"  
Little Junior soon will be a Senior  
So of course he does his darnedest bit  
—really must have good mention  
Which extends on to the Faculty  
Never once have we lost their attention  
How they do love us—our 4B.

## WHY?

Do all the girls love Senior boys?  
 Does Robert Bailey meet the train every Sunday evening?  
 Was John B. so sad from May 18th to the latter part of June?  
 Does Willie Conner blush when Lila's name is mentioned?  
 Does Miss Ivy need rubber shoes?  
 Is Hobby Wilson's name associated with 59th Street?  
 Does Doris Mottley "Write" to Augusta?  
 Doesn't Fay Cline try some other kind of hair tonic?  
 Can't Mr. Lytle wear his "hat" since the Shakesperean play?  
 Can't Seniors have a "Special privilege?"  
 Was Mr. Alexander in favor at the Banquet?  
 Is Miss Sims popular with the Boys?  
 Isn't Miss Bangs coming back next year?  
 Do all the students like Miss Jones and Miss Saunders?  
 Is it that many of the girls fell in love with Piggie Hogge, while  
     practicing for the Shakesperean play?  
 Are the 3B's happy this June?  
     (Seniors in September.)  
 Does every one enjoy Monday morning Assembly?  
 Do we believe this the best High School in the State?  
 Do we believe in and support "The Beacon"?  
 Are Buster and Brady two popular young fellows?  
 Does Travis love to be girlish?  
 Why don't I quit this? (Good night.)

C. C. R., June, '19.





### "MAURY" 5, "NEWPORT" 0

"Maury High" had little trouble in shutting "Newport" out in a very ragged and loosely played game on June 10th, by a one-sided score of 5-0.

Newport played a very poor game and made many costly errors that gave "Maury" half her runs. Williamson pitched a good game for "High School," allowing only three hits, but the team played very weakly behind him and gave little support.

Toolin twirled for "Maury" and we only got away with two hits. By defeating "Newport News" the base ball championship of the states goes to "Maury High School." They played ten games and lost one this season.

### "HIGH SCHOOL" TO LOSE COACH CAMPBELL

The announcement was received with deep regret that Mr. Carl G. Campbell, the official coach for "High School," will not be with the boys again this fall, as he is expecting to occupy a position as chief of the Department of Chemistry, at Marshall College, Huntington, West Va.

Mr. Campbell has been coaching our athletic teams for the last two sea-

sons and is quite a favorite, both with the girls and boys of the school. He gave his time and interest devotedly to the foot ball eleven last fall and to our base ball team this season, and due to his supervision and hard training our students in athletics, "High School" is the proud possessor of the 1918 Gridiron and in 1919 Base Ball Peninsula Championship.

It is impossible to put in writing the thanks and appreciation of the students of High School to Mr. Campbell for his faithful services and the immeasurable amount of interest he took in our athletics.

### "CAPE CHARLES HIGH" SHUT OUT BY "NEWPORT NEWS," 2-0

On June 7th, "High School" journeyed over to Cape Charles to play that aggregation, the "Champions," of Northampton.

We had a jolly good crowd along and could hardly wait until the boat landed, as we were so anxious to play the "Champions." On the way over, Williamson must have become disgusted with life or bashful, for he slipped the "bunch" and didn't put in his appearance again until we were



landing at the Cape Charles Pier. Offer him a cigar and watch him blush.

We walked from the pier to the school and were given a royal welcome by the principal of the Cape Charles High School.

At two o'clock promptly the game started and it was not long before a large crowd had assembled to watch the battle despite the hot burning sun.

It was a hard fought contest and both teams played a very good brand of ball.

Both teams were unable to score up until the eighth inning when "High School" found the "Capers'" pitcher for a hit and helped by errors, crossed the plate for two runs.

Williamson pitched a good game for the "visitors," and Travis became a tar-barrel in centerfield, robbing the Cape Charles lads of many would-be hits.

One feature of the game was the rooting of the "Newport Boosters." They entirely outclassed the Cape Charles crowd when it came to cheering, although Cape Charles had many times our number watching the game. The secret of our cheering is, that it is organized and handled by capable leaders.

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### "BANQUET"

As this goes to press no doubt the members of the baseball team will be enjoying themselves at a splendid banquet given by the "Athletic Association" in celebration of our success in base ball and our annexing of the "Peninsula Championship."

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### "HIGH SCHOOL ANNEXES PENINSULA CHAMPIONSHIP"

At the Red Circle Park on June 5th, "High School" put over a second victory on the "Hampton High School Nine" by a score of 3-2; thereby an-

nexing the Peninsula Base Ball Chamionship for 1919.

The game, witnessed by a fairly large crowd, was very fast and exciting, holding the crowd in suspense, as to who would be victorious, until the very last minute of the contest.

The "Locals" played a fine game, always keeping plenty of pep and working well together. Williamson twirled an excellent game for "High School," his puzzle-balls always keeping the "Crabbers" guessing. He allowed only four hits.

Ellison worked on the mound for the visitors, but "High School" found him for seven hits, and had he not put forth all he had, in the pinches, backed by hard work of the team behind him, we would have made the victory just a little more decisive.

For the first four innings, not a single player on either side reached the first sack, the batters for both teams being retired in order.

In the sixth frame "High School" scored two runs, amid the storm of cheering from the Newport News Rooters.

Martin scratched a hit with two men out, then Travis smiled at the "Crabtown" twirler, for which, he got hit in the ribs and walked. Next to the bat was Pulley, who scored Martin and left Travis on third base, by a nice little hit over first. Travis brought the second run across on Stone's fly to center.

The next inning the "Crabbers" found Williamson for two hits and helped by a costly error, scored two runs and tied the score.

Cofer, "High School's" crack left fielder, stepped to the plate in the eighth inning, with two outs staring us in the face, and Williamson on second and won the game for "Newport News," by a driving grass scorcher down third base line that was too hot to be handled.





BASE BALL TEAM 1919

Jester, pitcher and ss.; Stone, 2nd base; Conner, R. field; Pulley, 1st base; Gatewood, Assistant Manager; Williamson, pitcher and ss.; Cofer, L. field; Kritzer, R. field; Simms, sub.; Ghiselin, sub.; Hardison, sub.; Martin, R. field; Tilghman, sub.; Oliver, sub.; Campbell, coach; Bradburn, mgr. and catcher; Todd, 3rd base; Travis, C. field; Beazley, sub.

The team standing is as follows:

The box score:

Newport News	AB	R	H
Stone, 2b .....	4	0	1
Jester, ss .....	4	0	0
Williamson, p .....	4	1	3
Bradburn, C .....	3	0	0
Todd, 3b .....	4	0	0
Cofer, lf .....	4	0	1
Martin, rf .....	2	1	1
Travis, cf .....	1	1	0
Pully, 1b .....	3	0	1
Totals .....	29	3	7

Hampton	AB	R	H
Gibson, 3b .....	4	1	2
Wood, ss .....	3	1	0
Cabell, c .....	4	0	0
White, 1b .....	4	0	1
Salisbury, 2b .....	4	0	0
P. Ellison, p .....	4	0	0
Neill, lf .....	4	0	0
G. Ellison, rf .....	3	0	1
Stacey, cf .....	3	0	0
Totals .....	33	2	4



**TODD**

Batting Average 181 3-4 Per Cent

AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
3	1	0	1	2	10	0	0....O. P. C. C.
4	3	3	2	0	2	3	0....Portsmouth
3	0	0	1	0	2	6	0....Maury
5	0	2	0	0	0	1	1....Hampton
3	0	0	0	0	2	1	1....Portsmouth
4	0	0	0	0	1	1	1....O. P. C. C.
4	0	0	0	0	3	10	0....Hampton
4	0	1	0	0	1	2	3....Cape Chas.
3	0	0	0	0	1	0	2....Maury
33	4	6	4	2	13	15	8....Total

**TRAVIS**

Batting Average 77 Per cent

AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0....O. P. C. C.
4	2	0	1	0	0	0	0....Portsmouth
3	0	0	0	0	2	0	1....Maury
5	0	0	0	0	2	1	0....Hampton
2	2	1	2	0	0	0	1....Portsmouth
2	0	0	1	0	1	4	3....O. P. C. C.
1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0....Hampton
3	0	1	0	0	4	0	1....Cape Chas
2	0	0	0	1	2	0	0....Maury
26	5	2	4	2	13	5	6....Total

**PULLEY**

Batting Average 71 3-4 Per Cent

AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
1	1	1	0	0	4	0	1....O. P. C. C.
4	0	0	1	0	15	0	1....P. H. S.
3	0	0	0	1	8	0	1....M. H. S.
4	0	0	1	1	8	0	1....H. H. S.
3	3	0	0	0	6	0	0....P. H. S.
5	0	0	0	0	13	0	1....O. P. C. C.
3	0	1	0	0	12	0	1....H. H. S.
4	0	0	0	0	8	1	0....Cape Chas.
1	0	0	1	0	6	0	0....M. H. S.
28	4	2	3	2	76	1	6....Total

**STENNETTE**

Batting Average 222 Per Cent

AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
3	0	1	1	0	4	0	0....O. P. C. C.
0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0....M. H. S.
2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0....H. H. S.
2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0....P. H. S.
2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0....O. P. C. C.
9	1	2	3	0	4	1	0....Total

**CONNER**

Batting Average 100 Per Cent

AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
3	1	1	0	1	1	0	0....O. P. C. C.
4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0....Portsmouth
0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0....Maury
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0....Hampton
3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0....O. P. C. C.
10	1	1	0	3	1	0	0....Total

**MARTIN**

Batting Average 333 3-4 Per Cent

AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0....O. P. C. C.
2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0....H. H. S.
3	0	1	0	0	1	0	0....Cape Chas.
3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0....M. H. S.
9	2	3	0	0	1	0	0....Total

—B—

**"LETTERS"**

Those who will receive letters this season for base ball are as follows: Cofer, Conner, Jester, Bradburn, Williamson, Martin, Pulley, Stone, Stennette, Todd, and Travis.

Those who deserve honorable mention are: Hardison, Oliver, Kritzer, Ghiscin, and Smith.





"Come on Hobby,\* I've got to fix up my Exchange Department Notes for the June issue and I am to show you how it's done, so that next year you'll know the ropes and you'll have no drawback.

"Yes, I send our magazine to all the other High Schools in Virginia and many other States, and they in return, send me their magazines. This month, I received 'The Record,' from John Marshall High School, Richmond, Va. 'The Taj,' from Harrisonburg, Va. 'Utelum,' Darby, Pa. 'The Monthly Chronicle,' Episcopal High School, at Alexandria, Va., and 'The Mirror,' from Norwood High School, Cincinnati, Ohio."

"The exchanges are not very numerous this month, perhaps their school term is over, and I expect that their last issue was in the form of an annual, which they could not afford to exchange.

"You say, you think you'll like it?" "Of course you will.' It's mighty interesting to read over the exchange magazines that other schools edit and to compare them with ours and reap the benefit of their help and suggestion."

"Here is the 'John Marshall Record,' you can always be sure of some extremely fine literary material in it, which is characteristic of a wide

awake school. Let's be sure this month to congratulate John Marshall on having a championship Basket Ball Team. School Notes are very interesting too and show that the students do have a good time in spite of the ole grind. The poem "Drillin" is well worth reading.

"The Mirror" is a well balanced magazine although it lacks a good literary department. The jokes are good as well as numerous and seem to be the main part of the publication. Norwood High School, along with other High Schools, have many of its Alumni in the service. (To the students who are not familiar with this magazine, I wish to say that the type work is done by the students in their print shop) and this is worthy of praise for it shows much skilled workmanship.

"The Taj" has a standard cover design for the periodical which is unique and very attractive. "The Taj," like "The Mirror," shows that the school had many of its Alumni in the service, three of whom made the supreme sacrifice in defense of humanity. Thirty per cent of the magazine is taken up with very well constructed literary work, mostly short stories with well developed plots. It is unusual and pleasant to find that most of the stories are written by boys. The athletics take up a lot of deserving space which we take much delight in reading. "The Taj" is the only magazine which lives up to a standard in quality each month. We hope

---

\*This is the sobriquet for Calvin Hobson Pearson Wilson, our new Exchange Editor for the next publication year.



to keep it on the exchange list for next year.

The one outstanding fault of the "Utelum" is the fact that the advertisements are mixed in with the literary matter. Better organization of material and the development of notes of interest around the school would give the magazine balance and definite form. In their Exchange Department which they have recently developed, they mark "The Beacon" a magazine unique in quality and the neatness of its cuts.

"The Monthly Chronicle," coming from the Episcopal High School, is one of our oldest exchanges and is always welcome. Their Editorials are full of advice and good common sense. The two poems, "The Girl I

Left Behind" and "An Ode To The American Soldier," remind one of Robert W. Service's "Rymes of a Red Cross Man" by their repetition at the end of each stanza. Episcopal High School certainly did acquit itself with glory in the Triangular Track Meet. The jokes are scarce but very good.

"Now, Hobby, I think you will not find your magazine work for next year too arduous."

"No; the coming exchanges will be addressed to the school and you will find them in the Principal's office in the mail holder."

"Oh! That was no trouble at all and here's hoping that you will have a successful and even better Exchange Department next year than we had this year.



**THE KICKER****I**

Kicking in the morning,  
Kicking all the day;  
Kicking if he's busy,  
Kicking at delay,  
Thus the continuous kicker  
Fills his life with woes,  
Frowning, grumbling, wrangling.

**II**

Nothing ever suits him,  
Always finding fault;  
Every kind of pleasure  
He is sure to halt.  
Scowling at the children,  
Growling at his wife;  
Turning peace and comfort  
Into constant strife.

**III**

Kicking if the weather  
Happens to be dry:  
Kicking when the rain is  
Tumbling from the sky.  
Kicking in the summer,  
Heat has then no charm;  
Kicking in the winter,  
Then he'd have it warm.

**IV**

Kicking every mealtime,  
Glaring at the meat;  
Often he is saying:  
"Nothing fit to eat."  
Kicking when he's reading,  
Grumbling at the light;  
Now and then denouncing  
Everything in sight.

**V**

Kicking in the morning,  
Kicking all the day;  
Kicking in the evening,  
Kicking should he pray.  
Kicking while he's thinking,  
Kicking while in bed;  
Wonder if he'll keep on  
Kicking when he's dead.

# JEST FUN.



"This is indeed a very sad case, sir," said the physician, consolingly.

"I greatly regret to tell you that your wife's mind is completely gone.

"I'm not at all surprised, doctor," returned the husband, "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen years.

Teacher: "Now, children, here's an example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1888?

Pupil: "Was it a man or woman?"

## IN THE GARDEN

When Adam in bliss asked Eve for a kiss

She puckered up her lips with a coo:  
Gave a look so ecstatic and answer so emphatic,

"I don't give a-dam if I do."

—Ex.

Father: "Tommy, your teacher's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when George Washington was your age he was at the head of a school?

Tommy: "Yes, Pa, and when he was your age he was President of the United States."

Place, 33rd Street. Time, about 9:00 P. M.

Situation, at the top of a big tree.  
Location, next to the Airdrome.

Owner of the Theatre: "Hey, you boys come out of that tree immediately."

Out of the Tree: No answer.

Owner of the Theatre: "I'll call a cop if you don't come down."

Occupants of the Tree: "All right, Mister, we didn't mean any harm."

Owner of the Theatre: "Haven't you the price of the show?" What are your names?"

Culprits: "Gunnies Martin, Sir; and Doc. Knowles, Sir."

Owner of the Theatre: "Well, if I ever catch you two bums up that tree again I'll.....b.....g .....zx&.....&xz and this.....xz") .....

Mae, Margaret Wilkie and family coming up the street. Mae, Margaret (At once) : "Why boys! What does this mean?"

Gunnie and Doc.: "Oh! Oh! Nothing, we were just helping that man get a lot of kids out of those trees, that's all."

Ex.—Little Sister.

Facetious Mr. C.: "Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Bright History Student: "Yes, sir; a centipede with corns."

Niece: I do think you are clever, aunt, to be able to argue with the professor about sociology."

Aunt: "I've only been concealing my ignorance, dear."

Professor Bilks (gallantly): "Oh, no, Miss—. Quite the contrary, I assure you."—Ex.

H. Strailman (would-be prophet of woe): "What would you say if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers will dry up?"

All of Us Together—We Would say: "Go thou and do likewise."

She: He said you were very pretty.  
Her: He would say so even if he didn't think so.

She: I know he would, and you would think so even if he didn't say so.

Proud Father: "Let me embrace you my daughter! Mr. B—has just asked your hand in marriage."

Loving Daughter: "Oh! but father, I could never leave mother."

Father: "Well, I will let you take her with you."

"Now," said the physician to Carter who had summoned him, "you are not in good health, and I must forbid all brain work."

"But doctor," protested persistent Carter, "may I not write some verses?"

"Certainly," the doctor said; "write all the verses you want to."

### CUBISTICALLY SPEAKING

He clasped her slender cubiform  
In his rectangular embrace;  
He gazed on her rhomboidal charm  
With passionate, prismistic face.

He stroked her rectilinear locks;  
Then, with a sound like prying  
strips

From off a trapezoidal box,

He kissed her squarely on the lips.

—Pipedream.

Setting: In France. Characters: An Officer, a dark complexioned private.

Officer: Where do you come from?

Private: Ah comes from Alabam (Shell explodes), and ef Ah ever gits back Ah ain't gonna be frum there no moh!

Herb. Falk (on the camping trip): That's nothing, I made a 10 shots during the last sham.

His one and only: You don't tell me.

Herb. Yes; and I would have made 100 more, only the commadant took the dice away.

When a woman loves three men, that's anarchism; when a man loves three women, that's socialism.

### THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LOVE

When Bailey is in love, he writes SONGS.

When Carter is in love, he writes POEMS.

When John B. is in love, he writes BAD CHECKS.



### PELLETS OF PESSIMISM

Philanthropy is the most effective form of advertising.

The innocent bystander soon loses his innocence or ceases to bystand.

If you treat a woman well she will immediately suspect you of treating another woman better.

### AN UPSET PROVERB

When Greek meets Greek this modern day,

No hard fought tug of war ensues;  
Instead, they figure out a way,  
To start a shop for shining shoes.

TWINKLE, twinkle little Senior,

Up on the stage so clean,  
How I wonder what you are:  
Twenty or seventeen.

First Yank: "I heard yesterday about a man that lives on onions alone."

Second Yank: "Well, any guy that lives on onions ought to live alone."

Judge: "The police say that you and your wife had some words."

Prisoner: "I had some but I didn't get a chance to use them."

One rookie to another at one of the training camps: "Where do you bathe?"

"In the spring."

"I didn't ask you when you bathed, I asked you where you bathed."

### HE WAS "CALLED TO PREACH"

In one of the Southern States, says the Sarcovie Record, a negro felt that he had been "called to preach" the gospel, so he applied for admission to the ministry and submitted himself to examination by a minister. The examination proceeded as follows:

"Can you read, Sam?"

"No, suh!"

"Can you write?"

"No, suh, I can't write, but my wife is a pretty good writer, suh!"

"Well, do you know the Bible?"

"Yes, suh, I'se pretty good in the Bible, suh; I knows my Bible from lid to lid."

"What part of the Bible do you like best?"

"Well, suh, I like de New Testament best, suh."

"What book in the New Testament?"

"The book of the parables, suh."

"Which of the parables do you like best?"

Which parrble? Why, lawsy! I like the parrble of the good Samaritan best ob dem all."

"Well, tell me the parable of 'the good Samaritan.'"

"Yes, suh, I will, suh!"

"Once upon a time a man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, an' fell among the thieves, an' the tnores grew up an' choked that man, an' he went on an' he didn't have no money, an' he met de Queen of Sheba, an' she gave that man—yes, suh—she gave that man a thousand talents ob gold an' a hundred changes of raiments. An' he got in the chariot an' drove furiously. And when he was driving along under a big tree, his hair got caught in a limb an' left him hangin' dar. Yes, suh! An' he hung dar many days an' many nights, an' the ravens brought him food to eat an' water to drink. An' one night while he was hangin' dar asleep, his wife, Delilah, came along an' cut off his hair, an' he dropped an' fell on a stony ground, an' an' it began to rain, an' it rained forty days an' forty nights. An' he hid himself in a cave. An' he went on an' met a man, who said: 'Come in an' take supper with me.' But he said: 'No, I won't; I married a wife an' I can't come!' An' the man went out into the highways an' byways an' compelled him to come in an' have supper.

He went on an' came to Jerusalem, an' when he got there, he seen Queen Jezebel sitting high up in de window, an' when she saw him she laughed at him, an' he said: 'Throw her down out of there;' and they threw her down. An' he said, 'Throw her down some more,' an' they threw her down seventy times seven times, an' of the fragments they picked up twelve basketfuls. Now, whose wife do you think she will be in the day of judgment?"—Ex.

John B.: "What's the matter, old man? You look worried?"

Carter: "I have cause to be. You know we graduate this June, and I well, I—I—wanted to leave school, knowing something about myself; so I hired a man to trace my pedigree."

John B.: "Well, go on, what's the trouble, hasn't he been successful?"

Carter: "Successful! I should say. I'm having to pay him hush-money."

"Wives are sold for five (\$5) dollars each in the Fiji Islands."

"Ugh!"

"Shame isn't it?"

"Yep, growled the grouchy bachelor, "more profiteering."

### OVER THE BACK FENCE

Neighbor: "I understand your son is on the High School foot ball team. Do you know what position he plays?"

Parent: "I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

Newport News, Va.,  
October 32, 1921½.

Dear Sir:

Read your advertisement in our paper stating:

"Young man, some woman dearly loves you. Would you know who she is? One dollar to the Occult Diviner will obtain for you the desired information.' Well, you will find inclosed that amount, answer as soon as possible. Am bursting with curiosity.

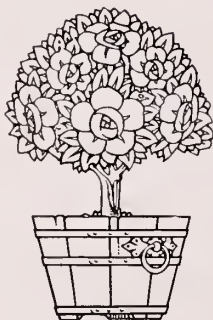
EDWARD TRAVIS.

3 days later than date above.

Mr. Edward Travis:

Your Mother.

OCCULT DIVINER.



## THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY

Mr. Jonah, Boston, to Mrs. Jonah, New York.

Boston, September 1st, 1918.

Am starting for New York, dear, tomorrow by the "flier,"  
How I am progressing, will let you know by wire.

Providence, Sept. 2nd.

In an awful smash up, break news to Ma and Peg,  
On the way to hospital—only lost a leg.

Westerly, R. I., Oct. 1st.

In another accident, please feel no alarm,  
Injuries are trifling—only lost an arm.

New London, Nov. 1st.

Train ran off the track today, worry not I beg,  
Shook me up a little and—lost the other leg.

Niantic, Dec. 1st.

Delayed again by accident, struck a rotten tie,  
Damage inconsiderable—only lost an eye.

New Haven, Jan. 1st.

Ran into an open switch, please don't worry, dear,  
Under wooden pullman—lost other eye and ear.

Bridgeport, Conn, Feb. 1st.

Train rolled down embankment, hurt as you'll suppose,  
Locomotive's on my chest—minus ear and nose.

Westport, April 1st.

Train jumped cross over, such a peachy wreck,  
Smoke-stack on my liver, cowcatcher broke my neck.

Stamford, June 12th.

Fierce rear end collision, got some record shots,  
What is now left of me is coming in a box.

New York, June 13th.

Home at last thank heaven, just a trifle late,  
Other sections of me are coming on by freight.

Cemetery, June 14th.

Now my Journey's ended and my worry ceases,  
"Rest in Peace," the headstone says—not in peace but pieces.

—EX.





CONTINUING in that  
steadfast adherence to  
true banking which has  
stood the test of twenty-  
seven successful years

# The First National Bank

---

of Newport News, Va.

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OFFERS  
EXCEPTIONAL  
SERVICE

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Resources Over . \$6,500,000.00

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W. J. BRIGHT,  
President

T. R. BELCH,  
Vice-President and Treasurer

W. J. BRIGHT, Jr.,  
Secretary

*The*  
**Franklin Printing Co.**  
Printers, Publishers  
Bookbinders



OUR HOME

GOLD LEAF STAMPING A SPECIALTY

PHONE 92

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216-218 Twenty-fifth Street  
Newport News, - - Virginia

---

# *Citizens and Marine Bank*

This thing of getting ahead financially is nothing more or less than exercising YOUR will power. Once a saving habit is acquired, it is easy to build up a reserve fund. That will enable you to take advantage of the opportunities for big things when they occur; and if this savings is through THIS bank, your money will not only be safe, but earning 4% interest.

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Open from  
6:30 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.

## Special Luncheon

12 M. to 2 P. M.

**75c**


## Hotel Warwick

J. M. DERR, Mgr.

## Dry Cleaning and Pressing

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

Laundry for the individual  
and family—one call and de-  
livery, saves you the trouble.

We  
 Guarantee  
Satisfaction

## Hotel Warwick Laundry

Phone 10

# **Benson-Phillips Co., Inc.**

Office: Law Building

**Wood, Coal, Lime and Cement**

Bell Phone 7

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN FEED

GARDEN SEED ESPECIALLY

2512 Jefferson Avenue

Phone 73

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COMPLIMENTS

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31st Street, East Side C. & O.

Phone 430

For Good Things That Are Right  
IN

**Clothing, Hats and  
Furnishings for Young  
Men and Boys**

SEE

## **Wertheimer & Co.**

2514-16 Washington Avenue

**Attending to a World's Business**

We handle the largest stock of  
Drugs in the State

Bring us that Prescription

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**SHIPS CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS**

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Residence Phone Hampton, 462

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**HEATING THAT HEATS**

**PLUMBING THAT'S RIGHT**

Phone 136

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## **The Admiral**

(Absolutely Safe)

**A Restaurant of the Better Sort**

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If You Appreciate  
Service and Courtesy

GIVE US A TRIAL



Colonial State Bank

*Capital Ready-to-Wear House, Inc.*

2910-12 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

*Fashionable Millinery and Wearing Apparel*

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

HIGHEST QUALITIES

MODERATE PRICES

COMPLIMENTS

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WHOLESALE BROKERAGE

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SAMUEL A. MIRMELSTEIN

LOUIS B. MIRMELSTEIN

OUR SPECIALTY IS TO  
 Clothe the "HIGH SCHOOL" and School Boys of Today  
 BECAUSE THEY WILL BE THE MEN OF TOMORROW  
 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

**MIRMELSTEIN BROS.**

Corner 33rd Street and Washington Avenue

## WEAVER BROS. PLANING MILLS

LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS

AND

ALL KINDS OF MILL WORK

NEWPORT NEWS, - - - - - VIRGINIA

2508 Washington Avenue

Phone 1457

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LARGEST COMPLETE HOME FURNISHERS IN THE SOUTH

HARRY COPLAN, Manager

PASTEURIZED  
MILKJERSEY LILY ICE CREAM  
ALL FLAVORS

## Sanitary Milk Products Co., Inc.

PHONE 56

BUTTERMILK

P. O. BOX 645

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## YOU CAN DO A REAL SERVICE



For Your Parents and also for Yourself in assisting them to get one of these

### "SELLERS KITCHENEED" CABINETS

Mother will have many more hours to herself with a servant of this kind in the home, they are never late, always on time, never complain, work without wage, and they are easily obtained on our little-at-a-time payment plan.

## Newport News Furniture Co., Inc.

THE BIG BUSY STORE

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WEAR

## Eisenman's Shoes

26th and Washington Avenue

## J. Reyner & Son, Inc.

BUTCHERS AND SHIP  
CHANDLERS

Marine Supplies, Fresh Meat and  
Provisions

Newport News,

Virginia

COMPLIMENTS

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Clothing and  
Furnishings

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# White's Studio



## Photograph

"Par Excellence"

RIGHT PRICE  
RIGHT PLACE  
RIGHT WORK

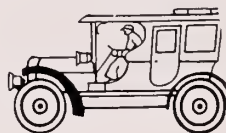
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Delco Farm Lighting Plants

THERMOID  
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# McLeskey's Garage

SERVICE STATION FOR REOS  
AND  
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## JOHN AUSTRIAN

THE CLEANER

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Phone 141

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## Duristo Paint Co.

Phone 293      Newport News, Va.

## Gulick's Pharmacy

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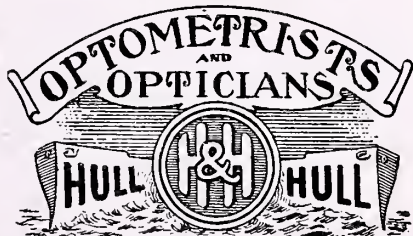


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BICYCLES AND SPORTING  
GOODS

## C. B. EDWARDS

3304 Washington Ave.



132 26th Street

Phone 217

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W. M. Parker                      Russell Buxton  
L. E. Spencer

## Parker, Buxton & Spencer

Successors to BUXTON & PARKER

212-214 28th Street

Crex and Deltex Matting, Fibre  
and Wool, and Fibre  
Druggets

## THE GRADUATING PRESENT

Selected from our line of High-grade Watches and Artistic Jewellery is a life-long remembrance of one of the greatest days in the life of a boy or girl.

## Barclay & Sons

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

3004 Washington Avenue

## United States Sea Food Restaurant



25th St. and Washington Ave.

Phone 2

We make a specialty of  
Finishing Hardware. Can  
work to plans and speci-  
fications. Bring us your  
plans.

## THE E. W. CADWELL HARDWARE

Phone 4    2506 Washington Ave.

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PLUMBER AND SHEET

:- METAL WORKER -:

308 28th Street

## J. M. SLAUGHTER

FOR "QUALITY AND SERVICE"

STAPLE AND FANCY  
GROCERIES

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2714 Huntington Ave.

NEWPORT NEWS, - VIRGINIA

2707-2709 WASHINGTON AVE.  
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.  
**MEYERS BROS**  
(INCORPORATED)  
DEPARTMENT STORE

Newport News' Most  
Popular Store

Do Your Shopping in Newport News,  
and This is the Place to Do It

For smart style, comfort and great  
value—

**KIRSHBAUM CLOTHES**

for midsummer

Waist-line, seam-back and form fitted  
models for young men

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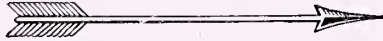
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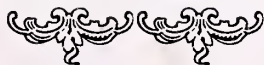
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